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MR. CHURCHILL'S HOPES

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New Times and New Negotiations

THE Soviet weekly, *New Times*, has now published a long commentary on the open letter which this journal recently addressed to President Shvernik. We are glad that semi-official notice (in the form of Mr. Sokolov's article) has been taken of our proposals for improving relations between Russia and the West, and we hope that this frank exchange of views may continue.

The basic difference is that we hold that it takes two to settle a quarrel and are prepared to admit that much has been done on both sides which obstructs a settlement. Mr. Sokolov serves a government which admits no mistakes until it is too late to rectify them, and permits no one who serves it to hint that it may not be infallible. To each of our specific proposals for agreement, therefore, Mr. Sokolov replies that all responsibility for past failure lies with the West. The failure to conclude an Austrian Peace Treaty, for instance, is the fault of the Americans, who "have no intention of withdrawing their occupation forces." "Political warfare against Yugoslavia" exists only in our imagination, for the truth is that this is propaganda launched by Tito to disguise the betrayal of the Yugoslav revolution and the conversion of his country "into a colony and military base". As for Uno, the U.S.S.R. cannot co-operate even on practical day-by-day issues because it has been converted "into an auxiliary of the State Department." Finally, in response to our appeal for "direct contact between peoples," Mr. Sokolov draws attention to the recent visits of foreign delegations to the U.S.S.R., comments caustically upon the banning of the Sheffield Peace Congress and the stopping of the delegates to the Berlin Youth Festival, and distinguishes between "normal cultural relations" and "freedom of espionage."

Tu quoque is an old polemical device, but in the matter of contact, for instance, the U.S.S.R. has deliberately cut off its people from the West, while the West has only recently and occasionally retorted in kind. But Mr. Sokolov then goes on to rebuke this journal for inconsistency. He very properly quotes from our columns to show that we have been severely critical of American and British foreign policy, specifically on the conduct of the Korean war, the Japanese Peace Treaty and rearmament, and asks why we do not draw the conclusion that it is American, rather than Soviet policy that is threatening the peace. The short answer, and the reason that inspired our original letter to President Shvernik, is that we do not believe that either side is irrevocably committed to war, but that we are sure there will be war unless both sides agree to compromise.

We therefore welcome Mr. Sokolov's definition of the "interim steps" that the U.S.S.R. could "reasonably ask" as a guarantee that a conference "would meet in a healthier atmosphere." The first, which is quite specific, is the termination of the war in Korea. But the other two—the Peace Treaty with Japan and "direct preparations for an aggressive war" are not "interim steps" at all but the occasion for Mr. Sokolov to rehearse the Soviet case against "American imperialism," and to insist that our appeal to President Shvernik was misdirected, since any serious discussion of East-West tension must take account of "the question of the character and aims of the Atlantic Pact, of the American bases and of the arms drive." Indeed, Mr. Sokolov is deeply sceptical of our intentions in proposing "interim steps," and says bluntly that we define them "according to our taste and fancy" as an excuse for avoiding negotiations for a Five-Power Peace Pact.

Since the demand for such a Pact is now becoming the central demand of the Communist Peace Movement, we must explain once again to *New Times* that we attach no more importance to a verbal declaration by the Five Powers that they "renounce war" than Russia used to attach to the pre-war Kellogg Pact. The new negotiations that we wish to see must be practical, not formal, and must seek to remove specific points of tension and conflict. Nothing would be more damaging to the hopes of peace than yet another unsuccessful Conference.

For this reason, we regret that Mr. Sokolov has chosen to treat our specific proposals as debating points rather than as a realistic and genuine attempt to set down some of the reasons that prevent "the friendly co-operation" between the people of this country and the U.S.S.R. for which another Soviet journal, *News*, appeals this week. If the Soviet Union believes that it is the United States which obstructs the signature of the Austrian Treaty, let it put this point to the test by a precise offer to short-circuit technical quibbles and to sign at once. Let the onus of refusal lie clearly on the Powers that refuse such an offer. If it is America which is sabotaging the Kaesong negotiations, then the U.S.S.R. can at once prove its case by proposing a renewal of the talks under conditions which the Americans cannot refuse if they genuinely desire a cease-fire. If the Grotewohl proposal for free elections throughout Germany is to be taken as

more than a last-minute manœuvre to stall off the rearmament of Bonn, then let the U.S.S.R. lend its immense weight to the offer, and, as one of the Occupying Powers concerned, convene a meeting of the Big Four to discuss it. The British Labour Movement would warmly welcome any step which restored freedom of political action to the Social-Democrats in Eastern Germany.

Lastly, the Soviet Government and its spokesmen should understand that "direct contact" between our peoples is not a disguised request for the infiltration of spies. It is simply that hand-picked delegations defeat their own ends. So long as travel to the U.S.S.R. is restricted to sponsored delegates, the reports of those delegates will naturally be read with doubts, however unreasonable such doubts may seem. The Soviet Government has the same right as the American or British Governments to safeguard its security by the control of entry, but it could enforce those rights in a similar way while encouraging free travel for the ordinary citizen, exchanges of students at universities, and the ordinary usages of civilised intercourse between men and women of different countries.

We have spoken with the serious purpose of discovering a possible basis of settlement. We hope Mr. Sokolov and other Soviet publicists can realise that "co-existence," of which Stalin has so often spoken, involves compromises, and that Soviet, as well as Western, policy must be modified if the drift to war is to be checked.

Washington and Ottawa

The Foreign Ministers of the U.S., U.K., and France have moved on from their private meeting at Washington to join their colleagues on the North Atlantic Council in Ottawa. The most important decision reached at Washington was, as we foreshadowed, the agreement on the early raising of German units for a European army. The dangers of German rearmament in principle have already been argued in this journal; what is proposed in detail is not yet announced. What size are the units to be? How are they to be staffed and commanded? What is to be their priority for equipment? What, indeed, is the European Army, envisaged by the Foreign Ministers? It is doubtful whether the Ministers themselves know in any detail what they have agreed to. German units not larger than brigades might be fully integrated into a European command, thus avoiding some of the dangers of unrestricted German rearmament. Divisions and larger formations, viable in staff, communications and supporting arms, would probably soon be indistinguishable from a German national army. Moreover, there is no official indication of the terms on which the Germans will be willing to fall in with the Foreign Ministers' proposals. The fact that Britain will not, according to Mr. Strachey, take any part in a European army, and that most of the French divisions look like existing on paper only for a long time to come, may well give Germany a dominant position in Continental military preparations, dangerous alike for peace and British security.

This year Mr. Attlee assured Parliament that Britain could only assent to a German army, when German democracy was secure, when there was a European army into which it could be integrated and when the arms requirements of the N.A.T.O. powers had been met. To-day, in spite of the use of imprecise words about a European army, it looks as if none of these conditions are yet in sight of fulfilment. It is to be hoped that Mr. Strachey, who has somewhat changed his earlier views and now appears as an apologist for the "German contribution to Western defence," will explain in rather more detail what it means.

Beside the decision on Germany, the more public discussions in Ottawa about the economics of rearmament and the revision of the Italian Peace Treaty are of less importance. No doubt, the Italians will shortly be admitted to sovereign status; and Signor de Gasperi has already let slip that the Western Powers have devised a "juridical" method of frustrating any Soviet attempt to veto Italian membership of the U.N. On the cost of rearmament, several of the European spokesmen have been expressing doubts about the size of the Defence bill. In the words of *The Times*—ironical enough after all that has been said in reply to Mr. Bevan—"while there is every intention to continue to give priority to rearmament, there is a growing realisation of the dangers which are liable to arise from the impact of Defence spending on national economies." In other words, Mr. Bevan will be proved right, unless the U.S can be persuaded to underwrite European economies to a greater extent than hitherto. In the present mood of Congress that would be possible only on conditions, which a Labour Government in Britain might find intolerable.

London and Teheran

With internal crisis mounting in Teheran, the British Government is playing its hand confidently, in the belief that it now holds most of the cards. The openly expressed view in Whitehall is that no negotiation is possible while Dr. Moussadek remains in office. So the Cabinet feels no further inhibition about playing its strongest card, the gradual liquidation of Anglo-Iranian's commitment in Persia and the progressive evacuation of the British staff. The squeeze on Persia is beginning to be felt, and there are few retaliatory moves, comparable in effect, which Dr. Moussadek can make in reply. Mr. Harriman's refusal to pass on to London the Persian ultimatum is an open indication that London and Washington stand together. It is easy enough in these circumstances to understand the modified optimism they feel. Indeed, judged by the yardstick of expediency, the present tactics may prove successful at least in the short term. Britain, as Mr. Attlee pointed out at Fawley last week, is no longer dependent on Persia for essential oil supplies and can afford to take a long view of its investment. Persia, dependent on Anglo-Iranian for maintaining employment in Southern Persia and for much of its revenue, is obliged to play for quick returns. Not many weeks ago, playing for quick returns meant putting the squeeze on Britain; now it means that the Persians must extricate themselves as best they can from a British stranglehold, which follows from Dr. Moussadek's refusal to give way on the issue of British management. A significant body of opinion in Persia is apparently beginning to understand this and to voice opposition to Dr. Moussadek's uncompromising handling of the situation. It is all the more important, therefore, that the British Government should remain alert to take advantage of the slightest opportunity which may present itself in Teheran for a resumption of negotiations on any reasonable conditions. The previous negotiations broke down, we believe, not because responsible opinion in this country denied the necessity of changing an arrangement which has undoubtedly meant unjustifiable exploitation in Persia, but because no government could tolerate the caprice and unreason of Dr. Moussadek's method of negotiation. Now the tactical advantage has swung over to London, the Cabinet must be careful on its part not to allow intransigence or lack of consideration for legitimate Persian demands to frustrate any possibility of a just settlement. Lack of finesse at this stage, or failure to appreciate that the basic Persian demands are just, could precipitate a grave crisis, which might not stop short of military action by either side.

Malay Independence

The inaugural meeting of the Independence of Malaya Party in Kuala Lumpur last Sunday, is a belated recognition of the need for constructive political work based fairly and squarely on the assumption of independence. Apart from the British Community, which seems quite unable to face the challenge of Asian nationalism, and the Communists, who aim at Communist domination through guerilla warfare rather than any form of independence for the Malays as well as the Chinese, this new Party seems to have brought together all other political groups. It may prove to be the first step in reversing that long sequence of post-war disasters in Malaya which began with the MacMichael Agreement; this in itself was regarded as a betrayal of British promises of democratic self-government, and no subsequent British-sponsored organisation, including UMNO, could hope to succeed except on a basis of independence. The second reason why this new Party might succeed where others have failed is that it includes Malays and Chinese, Indians, Eurasians and Europeans. Its two leaders are Dato Onn Bin Ja'afar, who has now come out in favour of "an independent State of Malaya" after some years of a policy of compromise, and Dato Tan Cheng Lock, President of the Malayan Chinese Association and leader of those who oppose the Federation idea. He described the establishment of the new Party "as an act of faith in the promise of Britain, the creator of the British Commonwealth of Nations, to give them independence," a shrewd hint to Whitehall that the next move should be from London. And it is a reminder that political co-operation is a much more hopeful way of solving the intractable problems of Malaya than the guerilla battlefield.

Dr. Dalton Says it Again

Mr. Dalton, undeterred by the traders' onslaughts which followed on his advice to housewives to postpone buying, has returned to the charge with a further speech about the necessity for stricter price control. Pointing to the recent

reversal of the upward trend in wholesale prices, he calls for speedy restrictions by retailers and other holders of stocks. The traders retaliate that there has not yet been time for the rise in wholesale prices over the past year to work through fully to the consumers' market, and that the supplies they are now trying to sell were bought at high prices, which they must recover. Mr. Dalton answers that present price levels are so set as to yield a substantial profit to the high-cost producer, and that the time has come for this to stop. He wants a new price control designed to squeeze out the high-cost firms which fail to bring their costs down. To this the producers answer that supplies cannot be maintained without using the high-cost plants, which cannot be replaced without much more new capital investment than it is possible to undertake side by side with rearmament. There is substance in this retort: indeed, the dilemma is that high profits are partly a consequence of the need to keep much inefficient plant in use. But there are plenty of cases in which prices could be squeezed without driving more than a very few singularly inefficient firms out of the market, and Mr. Dalton is right in scouting the notion that considerably tightened price controls would tend either to any substantial amount of unemployment that could not be quickly mopped up, or to any large fall in consumers' supplies beyond what is inevitable in any case as a consequence of rearmament.

The Railwaymen's Wage

The National Union of Railwaymen are up in arms against the Railway Executive's wage offer, which averages out at about half what the Unions claimed. In particular, Mr. Figgins has denounced the inadequacy of the offer to the grades near the bottom of the salary scale. The proposed addition of 4s. 6d. a week to the men's minimum rate, he says, is far too little to yield a living wage. It works out at less than 5 per cent., whereas the N.U.R. claimed 10 per cent. all round. The Railway Clerks have also stressed the failure of the Railway Executive to offer enough to meet the present rise in living costs. In the case of the more highly paid grades, the offer includes, besides small increases in rates, quicker increments up to the maximum, designed to attract more skilled workers and to prevent skilled men, of whom there is a growing shortage, from deserting the railways for better-paid occupations. But it is doubtful whether the inducements are substantial enough to have much effect. Mr. Figgins has already been talking about the restrictions of the right to strike; but this seems premature as only the first stage in the conciliation procedure—Tuesday's meeting of the Railway Staff National Council—has yet been reached. Beyond this lies the reference to arbitration by the Railway Staff Tribunal or a direct appeal to the Government—or perhaps an improved offer by the Executive. There is no doubt that the railwaymen are still badly paid in relation to workers in industries to which it is fairly easy for many of them to transfer their services; and the Executive can afford neither a disgruntled body of workers on the minimum nor a continuance of the drift of skilled workers away from the railways and into better-paid employment.

Tempora Mutantur . . .

Our Paris correspondent writes: A year ago this would have been the "Saying of the Week." Arriving in New York, General de Lattre, the French High Commissioner, announced: "The war we are waging in Indo-China is a war against Red colonialism. Some Americans," he added, "may still imagine we are waging a colonial war there. Nothing of the sort! Indo-China is no longer a French colony; to France, it is not an asset, but a liability." It was, in fact, part of the "general battle for peace and freedom," and France could win it, provided the Americans sent a lot of planes and napalm bombs without delay, and the Chinese did not intervene. If they did, it would be another Korea, and France would have to get the full support of United Nations. But if America helped quickly and energetically, France might win the war single-handed in six months, or maybe in a year or two.

To increase his land forces, General de Lattre is getting the Bao Dai Government now to raise an army of 120,000 men; but these, whether reliable or not, must be trained and equipped. It all costs a lot of money; according to René Mayer, the cost will be $850 million this year—twice as much as American aid.

It looks as if General de Lattre is going to receive full satisfaction in Washington. *France-Soir*, describing, not without a nice touch of irony, the quasi-regal reception given him in Washington, and the banquets and receptions organised in his honour, reported that: "Only a few months ago, President Truman, the Pentagon, and Mr. Acheson would all have shied away from anything so 'colonial' as the Indo-China war; now they realise the need of the French expeditionary force."

The confusion among the general public in France as to what really was decided in Washington about the rearmament of Germany is quite considerable. If the press had deliberately agreed to blur over the facts, it could hardly have achieved a greater muddle. Most of the papers, it is true, have tried to suggest that it was a "victory for the French thesis"; and that no French concessions concerning the principle of the European army were made. M. Schuman was quoted by the Quai d'Orsay as not only saying that "there could not exist at any moment even the embryo of a German national army," but also that "there will be no German soldiers without a European army." But, at the same time, it is clear that SHAPE will have a free hand, even before the machinery of the European army is set up, to proceed with the recruitment of German troops. Further confusion was caused by the obvious contradiction between the French claims of a diplomatic victory and the reports by the A.P. and the *New York Times* of "two major French concessions—the French agreement (a) to allow the Americans to train German troops, and (b) to allow the Bonn Government to proceed with the call-up of recruits."

To reassure the French public the pro-Government press has also been saying that the Washington Conference was really only a "preliminary conference," whose decisions are subject to the approval of Parliament and of the Atlantic Conference in Rome next month. But nobody in France seems really satisfied—not even those considering German rearmament an inevitable, but at least slow development. For the question of what the rate of German rearmament is to be has been left completely obscure. Socialist and Gaullist views oddly coincide when they both express doubts about the European army "in the absence of that thing called Europe"; and while the Communists speak of a "complete sell-out to the warmongers," the Left-wing (but anti-Communist) *Combat* expresses a widespread fear that, coming on top of the Japanese treaty, the Washington agreement can only worsen international tension, "and may even drive the Russians into desperate action." The off-hand rejection by Bonn of the Grotewohl proposal for free elections throughout Germany is condemned as rash, bellicose, and uncompromising, even by *Franc-Tireur*, usually so conformist in its pro-Americanism. Perhaps, at heart, every Frenchman would like to believe that there are not only Bad Germans, but also Good Germans, and that these are going to defend Western Civilisation against the "Asiatic Hordes"; but is it not precisely Bad Germans like General Guderian who most enjoy the confidence of Washington? This General last week wrote a series of articles in *Monde* which turned the stomach of even the accommodating M. Jules Moch who, in his reply, wanted the Germany of to-morrow to be "the Germany of Kant and Heine," not that of gas chambers, concentration camps, Nazi atrocities and—General Guderian. Only the trouble is that Kant and Heine are dead, and General Guderian is not.

What Hopes for Mr. Churchill?

For nearly a year, Mr. Churchill—sometimes with and sometimes without the advice of his shadow Cabinet—has been seeking to pull down the Labour Government. The feeling that only half a dozen votes in the Division Lobby prevent him from reversing his personal defeat in 1945 has irked him almost beyond endurance. Yet Mr. Churchill has too much feeling for national interest to be wholly at ease in the kind of political warfare he has been conducting. He knows perfectly well that any Party Government, which undertakes a huge rearmament programme in peace-time, must expose itself to electoral unpopularity when its effects are felt; and that any opposition which chooses to exploit the consequent disgruntlement and hardship can succeed sooner or later in making the Government's position untenable.

Indeed, it is Mr. Churchill's awareness of this fact which explains the curious vagaries of his tactics. Now he plays the demagogue and, making use of every device to gain power, assures the public that a Conservative Government would build 300,000 houses as well as stepping up rearmament, would reduce taxation and maintain the social services. Now again, in a fit of repentant realism, he pledges his support to the Government's wise refusal to resort to arms in Persia or warns that rearmament must mean forgoing the good things on which we had set our minds.

By and large, however, Mr. Churchill's ambition has proved stronger than his sense of responsibility. Encouraged by most of the newspapers, he has refused to moderate his attacks, and has harried and harassed the Government until Mr. Attlee will have no more of it. Despite all the obvious risks, the Prime Minister has now made up his mind to accept the challenge this autumn, and to let the country decide whether it shares Mr. Churchill's view of his own indispensability.

We present the challenge in this form, not because it will be the real issue at stake in the election, but because the average elector will think that it is. Rightly or wrongly, the Labour Government since 1950 has jettisoned all its projects of a further advance towards Socialism—at least until those Greek Kalends when rearmament has been completed. For their part the Conservatives have been compelled to pipe down on their proposals for a return to free enterprise. Both Mr. Butler and Mr. Eccles know that they would certainly lose the election if they announced their intention of financing rearmament, as it is being financed in France, for instance, by slashing the standard of living. Other planks in the Conservative programme are likely to be jettisoned or played down. Who to-day is going to believe that 300,000 houses would be built next year if only the builders were permitted to sell their products? Who seriously holds that the cost of food would fall with the disappearance of bulk purchase; or that de-nationalising steel would assist rearmament? Both parties have accepted rearmament, but neither yet dares to tell the public frankly the price which must be paid for it. So the only issue they can safely discuss in the election is whether the country's affairs will be conducted better under Mr. Attlee or Mr. Churchill.

To put the issue in this personal way is, of course, profoundly misleading—a fact which is at once apparent if we consider, with as much detachment as possible what would actually happen if Mr. Churchill returned to Downing Street. There is reason to believe that his own desire would be to form a National Government. Most of his colleagues in the Shadow Cabinet are Men of Munich, whose incapacities he exposed in the 1930s, and for whom his contempt is still unbounded. He is well aware that a Cabinet composed of such men, and faced by a Labour Party rendered more formidable in opposition by its taste of power, could not alone maintain national unity and carry through a huge rearmament programme. If he could succeed in overcoming his party caucus, therefore, he might be tempted to offer Mr. Attlee and a few of his leading colleagues key positions on the home front, as in wartime. Such an offer would be popular with large sections of the nation. But ever since 1931 it has been a matter of doctrine in the Labour Party that Labour will never enter a Coalition except in war. Mr. Attlee would certainly return an uncompromising negative.

The consequence would be a Tory Government, decked out perhaps with a few national figureheads, with which Mr. Churchill would be out of sympathy, and in which, we believe, that he would not long survive. Those voters who had expressed their preference for him as a national leader would discover that they had actually put in power the old gang who dominated the National Government of the 1930s. And such a government would very soon be compelled to do those things which we have suggested that no sensible person will even dare to discuss in the election campaign. The industrialists, who have contributed their millions to Lord Woolton's fund, would at once demand their pound of flesh—an end of "overfull employment," drastic cuts in the food subsidies and social services, tax concessions for the capitalist class and the return of the profitable steel and road haulage industries to private hands. Such demands could be resisted in wartime by a National Government; no Tory Government in peace-time would be strong enough to resist them. In the foreign field, there would be a similar development. Lord Salisbury's young men, who demanded military action in Persia and Egypt, would be given their head; and the traditionalists of British imperialism would begin rearming Pakistan and appeasing the White settlers in East and Central Africa. Toryism has its own momentum; and, once the wheel was put into reverse, the suppressed resentments of the last six years would sweep away the mild Metoo-ism of Mr. Butler and Mr. Eden. Those electors, who had lightly said "it's time for a change," would find that they had got a much bigger change than they had bargained for.

The reason why any Conservative Government would be compelled to swing violently to the Right is deeper than mere party prejudice. The sudden imposition of a vast rearmament programme on an already overstrained economy has destroyed the delicate balance of the post-war Welfare State. Before the Korean war, the case for consolidating the advances achieved since 1945 could be argued persuasively both by Mr. Butler and by Mr. Morrison. But rearmament has destroyed the basis of Consolidation and of the Coalition—whether over or under the counter—which it implies. There is no possible way of maintaining the export drive *and* rearmament *and* the social services *and* the standard of living. Any Government which tries to do so will precipitate an uncontrolled inflation that will destroy the Welfare State.

Whichever side wins the election, therefore, will at once be faced with a dollar crisis, a fuel crisis, a transport crisis, and a wages crisis which call for desperate and dangerous remedies. Of course, neither the crisis nor the alternative remedies will be mentioned by Party spokesmen during the election campaign. The politicians on both sides will be concerned not to educate the public to the realities of the situation, but to provide the softest soapsuds for the floating voter. The thoughtful elector, however, will be well advised to ignore this kind of wishful thinking. His vote this time will be a doctor's mandate. And despite the soothing bedside manner of the two rival specialists, he must decide which drastic treatment he prefers for a dangerous disease.

Between Two Facades

TRIESTE is slap-up. The superb port and the tiny picturesque strip of Riviera coast-line called Zone "A," are protected by four different sorts of uniformed policemen and 10,000 British and American troops who bring enormous prosperity to the first-class hotels, restaurants, shops and cafés. The Zone is administered by an Italian administration, supervised (and re-duplicated) by an Anglo-American administration which every six months prepares a budget, whose main object seems to be to conceal the exact distribution of the financial burden between the three Governments concerned. Indeed the only firm fact which I could obtain about Trieste's finances is that it has received more dollars per head than any other recipient of Marshall Aid. Wherever the money comes from, it has been spent grandiosely. There are new building estates, new roads and road tunnels crowded with new American cars and new lorries. Venice to the West, and Pola and Rycka to the East, provide most of the port facilities which this coastline requires now that the Cold War has reduced trade with Eastern Europe to a trickle. Yet the wharfs and ship-building yards of Trieste have been completely reconstructed and another new industrial port is to be built beyond the new refinery. Trieste, in fact, is an Anglo-American shop window and will remain so just as long as there is no agreement between Italy and Yugoslavia. If ever that unlikely settlement were signed and the Free Zone reverted to Italian rule, the shop window would be empty in a jiffy.

For the Socialist returning from a Dalmatian holiday, Trieste has its insidious attraction. As the Orient Express reached the frontier, our carriage, which had been packed with poorly dressed travellers surrounded by mountains of baggage and bedding, suddenly emptied. The daily dollop from Yugoslavia—mostly White Russian and Bulgarian expellees—was being dumped in one of the four refugee camps which A.M.G. has established to receive them. We, the properly appointed "Orienters," dusted our seats and watched the smart electric engine replace the sooty partisan locomotive. We were back in Western Europe, where expresses run to time, where expensive meals are served in half-empty restaurant cars, where second-class compartments are no longer packed with trade unionists on free holiday. In fact, we were back from beyond.

The contrast between Trieste and Rycka—the bedraggled port (once Fiume) whence you set off on the long and lovely journey down the Dalmatian coast—is heart-breaking. There is a peculiar, dusty greyness about a city where all the shops and restaurants have been nationalised and the middle-class deposed from its economic status. From the first sight of the decrepit porter, who trundles your bags on a hand cart to the shabby hotel, you are confronted with proud, grinding national poverty, and that poverty accompanies you wherever you go, on the ships and buses and trains, and in the little towns still lacking their pre-war gayness. What makes amends is a landscape of indescribable beauty and a people who combine a reserved dignity with an almost child-like courage.

Nowhere can the material problems of life be harsher than in Yugoslavia. Trieste is a superb façade. In Yugoslavia, since the break with Stalin, there is no façade. Here is the one Communist revolution with the lid off. No conducted tours to ensure that you only see the untypical successes. You go where you like, see what you like and everywhere you are subjected to a deluge of free speech. Everyone

—opponents as well as supporters of the regime—is determined to tell you everything.

Now the lid is off, one can realise how literally a Communist revolution in a backward country introduces the dictatorship of the proletariat. A very small ruling class of elderly, wily but not very effective people is liquidated. A new élite, an amalgam of skilled workers and young intellectuals with no experience of government, assumes power and all the perquisites of power, the villas, the good clothes bought in the diplomatic shops, the big meals in the smart restaurants. The middle class sinks into silent impoverishment and the peasant masses remain inarticulate if for no other reason because lack of communications ties them to their villages. Because Tito would not tolerate becoming a dependency of the Soviet Union, he gave industrialisation first priority in a country, whose primary need was improved food production and improved communications. The attempt collapsed, as the Kremlin predicted that it would. But the collapse resulted not in the fall of Tito but in the break with Stalin. Since he could not industrialise Yugoslavia into national equality with the Soviet Union, Tito preferred to risk the lesser evil of economic dependence on the Western powers. In his experience their terms are less injurious to national pride.

Having scrapped his five-year plan, he is now busily engaged in destroying the privileged bureaucracy which is the essential feature of Russian Communism. He has already modified the centralised control of the economy. Next month he will eliminate "proletarian privilege" by sweeping away differential rations, diplomatic shops, special coupons for heavy workers, etc., and replacing them by a new wage structure based on a free market. The priests are being paid their salaries once more and the peasants are being educated towards co-operation, not dragooned. A certain number of shops and craftsman's workshops are being de-nationalised. Specialists and experts, previously suspect for their Western sympathies, now receive higher salaries than Communist functionaries. Proletarian justice and party dictatorship over ideas is being rapidly relaxed.

In America as well as in Russia there are those who believe that all this is the beginning of a return to Western democracy and free enterprise. I can see no reason for this view. Every source of wealth, apart from the peasants' land, is now owned and run by the municipal, republican, or the federal government which in turn is controlled by the Communist Party. There is no economic or social basis for a revival of capitalism, or even for a return to Western parliamentary institutions. What we are presented with, is a unique phenomenon, a proletarian revolution which is deliberately reverting to the Leninist stage, and introducing its N.E.P.

Before 1948, Tito won the fanatical support of the party—for the most part very young partisans—but was faced with the inert opposition of most of the nation, especially the peasants. This peculiar insulated élan of the youth movement in any totalitarian state is now rapidly withering away. The Youth Brigade, voluntarily clearing rubble or building railways, and the street committees of the revolutionary era will not survive. Discussion will deprive the regime of the blind devotion it previously enjoyed. It will render a few ardent Communists, and many *arrivistes*, unsuitable for office; and it will give non-political experts a chance of returning to their jobs. But despite this decrease in the noisy enthusiasm of the minority, there is no doubt that the break has made the regime far more popular. "I travel about a good deal," Tito said to me with a grin. "I can tell the difference between the reception I used to get in the countryside, and what the people now feel. I prefer it this way."

The Yugoslav State is a federation of disparate peoples, living in a backward country, faced with overwhelming problems, and not too competent to grapple with them. Yet I cannot help feeling that, almost by accident, Tito has been compelled to release an immensely powerful force. National Communism—in revolt against centralised bureaucracy and privilege at home, and against Russian dictatorship abroad—is what other peoples beside the Yugoslavs are really looking for. If the Anglo-American armies had occupied Yugoslavia in 1945 it would look like Greece or Italy to-day—a dollar façade concealing the rubble of a frustrated revolution. Western democracy, with its ingrained distaste for confiscation and violence, has no relevance for these undeveloped countries. They need a Communist revolution—which remains Communist and national. If only Dimitrov had had the courage of his convictions and stood out with Tito for the Balkan federation. If only Togliatti and Thorez had had any convictions at all. Then Europe would not be faced with the bleak choice between the American and Russian façades, the one concealing a frustrated and the other a perverted revolution.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE Prime Minister's capacity for making everything sound sensible and unimportant was seldom heard to better advantage than in his broadcast announcing the election date. If Winston had been speaking, his voice would have conjured up visions of rich robes and pageants; the majestic procession of history would once more have culminated in the great arbitrament of the nation. Mr. Attlee's dry and concise voice, devoid of overtones, merely suggested little men and women putting bits of paper into ballot boxes. Some people assume that the Premier has been thinking of ways of dishing the Tories, who were waiting to produce their election manifesto until they saw Labour's programme, and who will scarcely be able now to squeeze in a Conference to give them an electoral send-off such as Labour will organise at Scarborough. Such considerations may well have appealed to Dr. Dalton who has been the Premier's close adviser recently in the absence of Mr. Morrison across the Atlantic. It is believed that Dr. Dalton, who loves tactics, wanted an election and that Mr. Morrison would have preferred to postpone it. However that may be, I think that when Mr. Attlee said that he considered that "the time has come to ask the electors . . ." he meant just exactly that. The time has come.

* * *

The reports which correspondents have been filing from the North Atlantic Conference at Ottawa this week make ironical reading. A few months ago the press unanimously condemned anyone who dared to suggest that the rearmament programme was too big. Now we read that Mr. Gaitskell has been using all his brilliant powers of exposition to show (1) that this year's programme is causing the gravest economic dislocation and is not being fulfilled; and (2) that next year's increased programme is also beyond our capacity. No doubt Mr. Gaitskell's motives differ from Mr. Bevan's. The Chancellor wants to pressure the Americans into providing sufficient aid to complete the programme, whereas Mr. Bevan wants it scaled down to a level our economy can afford. But the fact remains that Mr. Gaitskell has not only accepted the main argument of the three resigning Ministers—that the £4,700m. Defence plan would break us—but is actually carrying out their main proposal in demanding an immediate revision of Atlantic defence plans. Michael Foot must regret that he could not include a reference to this in *Going Our Way* which is published this week. How aptly he could have quoted from Wednesday's *News Chronicle*!

> The whole Defence plan of the North Atlantic alliance is to be overhauled in the light of the serious problems facing Britain and other European countries . . .

So, in the event, Mr. Gaitskell and the press rush to Mr. Bevan's support.

* * *

In a summer when the gloomiest prognostications of New Statesmanship have generally been fulfilled, it is happy news that Stafford Cripps seems to have defied both medical opinion and the newspapers by making an unexpectedly rapid recovery from his critical and painful illness. Even discounting some of the sensational rumours, there is no doubt that three months ago his doctors shook their heads when one inquired about the chances of even partial recovery. To-day, he is almost certainly more than half-way back to health. Opinions endlessly differ about how far will-power and faith can overcome physical disease; but Cripps is the most obvious example of a man who might be expected to mobilise every resource at his command against the ills that beset him. The qualities which served him so well in public life—and perhaps some of his fads which have made him the subject of caricature—have served him well in his personal crisis. I am sure, too, that courage, obstinacy, and the faith that there was still work for him to do, have played as big a part in achieving the miracle as his doctors and their drugs. I have in front of me now a delightful photograph of a smiling Stafford and Isobel Cripps out together on their daily motor drive in Switzerland. Lady Cripps looks happy, as well she may. She has fought with Stafford in many tight corners and has once again emerged triumphant.

This has been a sad year for music-lovers. Within a few summer months a whole series of irreparable losses has befallen us: Koussevitzky, Schönberg, Constant Lambert, Arthur Schnabel and now Fritz Busch. Two of these names were particularly well known to pre-war readers of this journal. It was here that W. J. Turner, always a passionate crusader, tirelessly proclaimed the unique greatness of Schnabel as an interpreter of Beethoven. Turner, too, was one of the first to grasp the full significance of Busch's Mozartian work at Glyndebourne; and the 1951 revival of *Idomeneo* was dedicated to Turner's memory. Fritz Busch was a profound and sincere musician. His Mozart lacked something in flexibility (it was very unlike Beecham's), but it was wonderfully rich, clear and undistorted; and his Verdi performances were unforgettably vivid. Now John Christie is faced with the unenviable task of finding another conductor of a stature to balance Carl Ebert's genius as producer. Both Schnabel and Busch exemplified at its best the solid German musical culture of a former generation. On his off days Schnabel could play pedantically, and there was something provincial in his attitude to non-German music. "Whenever I play Chopin," he recently remarked to a friend of mine, "I think how much finer Schumann is." In point of fact, I doubt whether many people can remember hearing him play Chopin in public; when he wished to relax from the massive concentration of his Beethoven, he would turn to Schubert, and there he was at his happiest and most purely musical. Has anyone ever played the posthumous sonatas of Schubert more beautifully? I should like to think that he is playing them now, posthumously, to their composer, in a place where no one will find them too long.

* * *

A friend who was interested in crime asked me the other day whether I had ever tried to kill anyone. My instinctive denial froze on my lips as I recalled an incident that happened in the Princeton Club in Philadelphia many years ago. I was at that time a graduate student of Princeton, New Jersey, and the Princeton Club was putting me up for the night, if I remember rightly, after representing the University at chess against Philadelphia. I remember that I went to bed late, dog tired, in a bed that was screened off in a corner of a lounge because the Club bedrooms were full. Sometime in the small hours I was gradually awakened by the talk and laughter of a group of late revellers. They began a bit of fun, throwing cushions at the screen by my bed. For some time I refused to wake up properly. Then the screen was tumbled over on top of me. Just why I should have seen red, I don't know, but I leapt out of bed, and I must have looked pretty alarming for the group scattered downstairs and along corridors in front of my bare-footed assault. One young man ran upstairs and I ran after him. I recall a sort of film nightmare of a chase up endless stairs. He went through a door into a bedroom with me hot on his heels. Some minutes later I was pulled off him by the Club porter. My hands were round his throat and I was certainly trying to strangle him. I went back to sleep, and no one, as far as I know, has ever referred to the incident from that day to this. I wonder whether my victim remembers it.

* * *

I paused to look at the new chess study set out in the window of 10 Great Turnstile. A little man, who looked no more mad than most chess players, was already studying it attentively. "At first sight it looks impossible," I remarked. "Do you think so?" he asked, with a knowing air. I decided that he must be a problem expert. "Well," I said apologetically, "my trouble is that Black looks as if it could always stop the pawn getting in by sacrificing a Knight, and that White can't very well mate without queening the pawn." "There is also the question of nobility," he said. I assumed he meant "mobility." "Well, of course," I said "all the pieces in this problem are pretty mobile, but I don't see how that helps." "There is a difference," he said, "between nobility and aristocracy." "Aristocracy?" "Yes," he said, "do you think you could really get rid of both those Knights?" "No," I answered, suddenly falling in with the Lewis Carroll character of the conversation, "no, I don't think you could without a bloody revolution!"

CRITIC

POOR FISH

"The real job is hard daily training to keep the peace; then you can go home to your girls, and I can go fishing." General Eisenhower, Sept. 17.

Who will go fishing with Eisenhower,
In seasons of calmer weather?
The NATO crews their chance will lose
If they don't first fish together.
The net is laid, but the catch delayed,
Though they all go fishing for Martial Aid,
And Morrison, Schuman and Adenauer
Would like to go fishing with Eisenhower.

Ottawa fishers must persevere
Till token catches are landed,
For fish abounds in Atlantic grounds,
And none must go empty-handed.
Though seas run high and fish are shy
And all of them have other fish to fry,
They must fish right on in the passing shower,
If they hope to go fishing with Eisenhower.

Where will they fish for Eisenhower?
Wherever good fish are swimming;
There's Biscay Bay and the Zuyder Zee,
And the Channel is simply brimming.
Fishermen all plan an Arctic trawl,
And a monster Mediterranean haul.
Reporting progress hour by hour,
As they bring in the fish for Eisenhower.

The NATO Charter of Fishing Rights
Fills fish with consternation,
But they'll soon begin to pull them in,
Says the Fishing Federation.
They gasp and gape but they can't escape—
They're hit on the head and knocked into SHAPE.
For the North Atlantic they dredge and scour
When NATO goes fishing for Eisenhower.

When will they fish with Eisenhower?
When the fishermen land their forces,
And the Ottawa catch is seen to match
The draughts from all Soviet sources.
When the weight avails to hold the scales
And Western sprats tip Soviet whales,
When NATO redresses the balance of power,
They can go off fishing with Eisenhower.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Under the National Health scheme people can have drugs supplied to them. That is all right for people who have no intention of taking their life, but for people who are fed up, such a state of affairs gives them the opportunity to end their life. Such people are abusing the advantages given to them.—*Walthamstow Post.* (Ray. Lamb.)

It has long been a Conservative complaint that, under the present system of food subsidies and allowances, the rich benefit as much as the poor.—*Birmingham Gazette.* (Mrs. Violet Tallis.)

A 17th-century inn near Knutsford has a sign describing it as an old coaching house. Immediately below is a sign reading "No Coaches."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.* (S. Fineberg.)

Resident Schoolmaster would like to meet appropriate young lady.—Advt. in the *Spectator.* (H. M. Mowat.)

It was the Tory Central Office ruling, too, that the Major should stand as a Liberal-Conservative—not a Conservative-Liberal.—*News Chronicle.* (James Grinstead.)

The Healthy End of Europe

II. Norway, Sweden and the Pact

Even the most wholehearted supporters of the Atlantic Pact in Norway agree that almost every single Norwegian would like Norway to remain "neutral," but that most Norwegians no longer think that it is possible. Not that Norway is putting an unendurable strain on her finances by rearmament. Except in the case of some specialised troops, the term of conscription has only been raised from 9 months to one year, with supplementary training periods of 2 months. The Home Guard is becoming increasingly important—being trained for street fighting, sabotage, etc.—all on the assumption of a Russian invasion. But with military expenditure at 600 m. crowns, it represents no more than 20 per cent. of the budget or 6 per cent. of the national income. The idea is to "delay the foreign aggressor for some weeks"—and to do better than in 1940.

The headquarters of the Northern sector of NATO is at Oslo; but Norwegian officials are very emphatic about no American troops being stationed in Norway. Nevertheless, extensive airfields are being fully equipped; King Haakon is supposed to have said to General Eisenhower: "We don't want any of your troops here, but—we don't want them too far away"; and the more "neutralist" of the Swedes—and Norwegians, for that matter—consider that the airfields in Norway are a cause of international tension. "There mayn't be any American planes there now, but they could easily get there in an hour—with the bases all ready for service."

Despite the full official support given by Norway to the Atlantic Pact, this Pact has, nevertheless, been the only subject of real controversy, both throughout the country and inside the Labour Party. As an important Labour leader told me: "If it weren't for the Pact, our Party would be like a Sunday school; but the Pact *is* an issue." At the Labour Party convention of 1949 there was, he added "a terrific discussion about it, and 10 per cent voted against the Pact—though

in reality a much higher proportion were against it." The opposition came then, and still comes, from a variety of sources, but mainly from those who preferred the Scandinavian Pact to the Atlantic Pact, which was sponsored by Foreign Minister Lange, strongly supported by the Norwegian Ambassador in Washington and Mr. Trygve Lie, and blessed by the State Department and especially by Mr. Ernest Bevin. Bevin was violently opposed to the Scandinavian Pact, proposed by the Swedes and greatly welcomed in Denmark. In the Norwegian Labour Party there was, and still is, some hostility to the Atlantic Pact; it comes from some Left-wing groups who have an old traditional sympathy for the Soviet Union—a sympathy which, in fact, was very widespread in Norway until February 1948, when, to many, Czechoslovakia came as a great shock. Opposition also comes from a group headed by an influential member of the Labour Party, head of the Health Services, Mr. Karl Evang, who considers Norway's membership of the Pact as a provocation to Russia. More recently, Evang, following in the case of Korea a line very similar to that of Professor G. D. H. Cole in England, caused something of an uproar by accusing the Norwegian press of being chronically tendentious and of being spoon-fed by American propaganda. Then there are the pacifists, who are strong in both the Labour Party and among the Farmers, and, finally, the "old politicians"—men between 55 and 60—with their old hankering for closer bonds with Sweden and Denmark.

Why then, despite all this opposition, has Norway, by and large, accepted the Atlantic Pact, even though, for some years after the war, its present sponsors advocated a Third Force, or East-West Bridge policy for Scandinavia? From 1948 on, the feeling grew in Norway—more than in Sweden or Denmark—that Norway must be actively on the side of the West. 1940 was a grimmer experience to Norway than it was to Denmark; the fellow-feeling for England is greater; and since nearly a million Norwegians emigrated to the U.S. in the past century, the personal bond with the U.S. is very close. Finally, there was a much more immediate economic argument in favour of joining the Pact: if the Norwegian merchant navy was not to be an asset of the Atlantic Powers, these might well feel compelled to build a similar amount of merchant tonnage which, in peacetime, would compete with the Norwegians.

To-day Norway has only a small standing army; but its full mobilisation strength is nearly 400,000 men. Sweden can muster about twice that number; and in both countries it is often said that the combination of an "Atlantic" Norway and a neutral Sweden is perhaps the best solution for the peninsula—one (so the argument goes) acting as a warning, the other as a reassurance to Russia. But, for all that, many Swedes are not quite happy about it—for the Norwegian bomber bases are a little too close to Russia, and in both countries MacArthurism is not considered an altogether empty scare. Even in the most pro-Atlantic quarters, feeling in both countries ran high against MacArthur.

Swedes of any party will, of course, rattle off a dozen good reasons for not joining the Atlantic Pact. The most familiar one is that, by doing so, they would—or might—force Russia to occupy Finland. But the most decisive argument is, of course, that the Swedish people, who got away with neutrality twice, may have a chance of doing so again. "Even if it's a chance in a hundred, we must take it," a leading politician recently declared. Besides, there is a strong feeling that, by not taking sides ("even though we are heart and soul with the West"), Sweden is doing nothing to aggravate international tension, and her tendency during critical debates at U.N. has been to abstain. This attitude of the Swedish Socialist Government is often attacked by Liberals and Conservatives; but these protests are dismissed by the Socialists as so much demagogy: "if they were in power, they'd do exactly the same as we."

In Sweden, as in Norway, the Welfare State has reached a very high degree of development; but, in miniature, a kind of Bevan-Gaitskell conflict is in progress to-day between Mr. Möller, the Swedish Minister of Health and Mr. Sköld, the Minister of Finance, the former pressing for the extension of various benefits, such as free holiday travel for mothers and children, and the latter opposing it. Although the majority of the Socialists voted for Möller, Sköld has so far won with the help of Opposition votes. A similar conflict, though not one affecting the unity of the Socialist Party, arose last winter over increased military expenditure, the Government deciding to increase it from about 1,000 m. kroner to 1,250 m., but the Opposition demanding—in vain—a much larger increase. There is some regret over the failure of the Scandinavian Pact, but this regret is mitigated by the consideration that, with Sweden as the chief industrial power among the three, it would have proved a heavy financial burden to her, and might have tended to lower her living standard.

Sweden has a curious social and economic structure, with a Socialist Government, a strong capitalist class, whose profits are strictly controlled, but to whom the Government cannot, in effect, dictate, and a vigorous trade union and co-operative movement. There are some theoretical Marxists amongst the Swedish Socialists, but in practice their influence is negligible; and the "Socialist way of thinking" is so strong in Sweden that the Liberals, for example, especially through *Dagens Nyheter*, are constantly pressing for a Coalition Government on the ground that all parties in Sweden are fully agreed on the broad principles of the Welfare State. The Socialists hold, however, that this formula is apt to paralyse parliamentary government and contains the seeds of totalitarianism; moreover, they rightly claim—as the armaments debate showed—that there are still substantial differences between Right and Left.

There are also differences on other points—the Socialists favour East-West trade, while Capitalist interests have done their best to destroy it. The Swedish-Soviet trade agreement concluded just after the war, was violently attacked in both the Liberal and Conservative press. Politically, it may be said, the Liberals and *Dagens Nyheter* (with its circulation of 250,000 well ahead of any other paper) are of minor consequence. But they conduct a consistent anti-Russian policy and protest furiously when violently anti-Soviet propaganda films are prohibited by the Government. Nor, naturally, do the Socialists share *Dagens Nyheter's* desire to see Sweden join the Atlantic Pact.

In such conditions, Sweden has to cope with psychological, rather than economic problems. One is reminded of the Russian woman who, after visiting Sweden, exclaimed: "That's how we are going to live under full Communism—*but then what?*" There is full employment in Sweden; there are even labour shortages necessitating the import of Italian miners and German domestic servants; everything that money can buy is available, and things are cheaper than in Norway or Denmark. The standard of education is high—witness the number of schools, colleges or bookshops in any Swedish city. But people are bored—bored with beauty queens and Hollywood films, and often, it seems judging from the divorce rate which is about half as high as the marriage rate, even bored with their lovely blonde wives and handsome blond husbands. A curious Swedish phenomenon are the "Leaguists"—simply non-political rowdies, both male and female, who, especially on Saturday nights in Stockholm, organise little street riots, attack the police and occasionally overturn or smash a car or two, just for the hell of it. Sometimes also a major scandal breaks out like the recent pharmaceutical swindle or the rather comic homosexual scandal, in which a self-righteous clergyman managed, on very flimsy evidence, to drag into it the name of a Cabinet Minister. The public seem to need some such little excitements. There is much less fear of war than in Denmark, and if Russia is not liked, neither, on the whole, is America. Many intellectuals vote Communist, just as a protest against the bourgeois uniformity of Sweden, and there are thousands who share the view of the famous poet, Arthur Lundquist, that "the Korean war is an American colonial war," and that, in Asia at least, there is nothing to choose between a "Stalin victory" and a "MacArthur victory."

ALEXANDER WERTH

Stockholm, September.

Stafford Souters

As the down train slowed, panting, for the big curve outside the station, a black fog-laden cloud loured on Stafford jail like a dingy grey blanket over a corpse. Not exactly a day, I thought, on which to find much cheerfulness in a factory—even one, which I was to visit, peopled by "Jolly Shoemakers." But then, I recalled, the souter—perceiving perhaps what the modern salesman would call the "promotional value" of rain—has traditionally prayed God to send him, not blue skies, but good leather. Certainly that day, for all the blight in the heavens, I met plenty of smiling faces among the Staffordshire shoemakers. Mechanised to a high degree, and geared by piecerates to a remarkably stiff tempo of work, the Gentle Craft of St. Hugh still gives, as it gave to Thomas Dekker, the impression of a sturdy-spirited, happy trade.

Here in Stafford, with branches at Stone and Northampton (where men's and the heavy type of women's footwear are made) is the headquarters of the shoemaking firm which trades under the signs of "Lotus" and "Delta." These are familiar trademarks—convenient doubtless for marketing and helpful, so the 1946 Report of the Working Party concluded, to the consumer. Yet, remembering an inscription on a building where I was given a little (now mostly forgotten) learning, I felt inclined to suggest that the façade of the great factory in Sandon Road should bear the words "*Nomen nihil amplius Bostock.*" For, under the modern anonymity of limited liability company, lies the story of an enterprise founded, cherished, and still personally managed by five generations of a single family whose members, no absentee rentiers, have indeed stuck to their last.

In the early 1820's, Thomas Bostock, apprenticed early to a father who was a village shoemaker in Derbyshire, came to Stafford and started a bootmaker's "warehouse." Following the practice of those days, he would have bought leather and prepared it for "closing and making"—cutting himself the "rough stuff" for soles and heels from heavy "bends," and "clicking" (cutting out) the uppers with the little flexible knives which the 16th-century cordwainers used on

Cordovan goatskin and which "Lotus" clickers still employ. Lasts, too, he would have either made or bought. The work would then be given out to "closers," who joined the pieces of the uppers, "makers" who lasted and stitched uppers to soles, and finishers who scoured and boned and polished to perfection. This was the age of the boot—Wellingtons, Bluchers, and Hessians for John Bull; low-heeled boots, laced up the inside ankle, for his wife—the Indian Summer of the eighteenth-century white-approned, top-hatted stitchmen, whose pride it was to stitch 16 to the inch. Presumably, the original Bostock made almost exclusively to measure, though there are indications that, after some years, the business used travelling packmen to market its goods. At all events, the enterprise prospered; and, in 1835, its founder provided his son Frederick with the modest capital—a few hundreds—needed to start a similar "warehouse" in Northampton.

Such were the beginnings. Gradually the firm grew and took factory shape, first, with the coming in the 1850's of the Singer machines for stitching together the uppers—an innovation which led to stormy strikes throughout the industry—and finally, a couple of decades later, with the introduction of various American machines which replaced the hand-sewn method of construction. As Bostock succeeded Bostock in the managerial chair, the firm weathered all the nineteenth-century's vicissitudes. With increasing emphasis on ready-made production, it saw the coming and the passing of the fashion for the cloth-top and the elastic-sided boot for men, the tightly buttoned, calf-compressing horrors worn by women in the crinoline period, the tiny high heels for the ladies of the Eighties, and finally, with the turn of the century, the revolutionary displacement of the boot by the shoe. As machinery multiplied, a mass market developed in footwear whose design, though uneconomically diversified by the whims of fashion, is almost always reasonably functional.

To-day, the Fourth Bostock, pleading—with little justification, to judge by his sprightly step—that his eighty-one years warrant more leisure to supervise his garden, has delegated the management to Bostock V. He is still, however, chairman of an enterprise whose annual production of two million shoes depends on a multiplicity of machines—some leased, as is the strange custom of the industry, from an American-controlled company, others developed by "Lotus" itself—on a complex laboratory, and on an impressive organisation of systematised "flow." Considering that each of, say, fifty models in production must be made in a range of 20-50 sizes and fittings, that quality and colour in an article made of numerous bits of material so variable as leather must be standardised, and that bottlenecks must be avoided in a process involving many scores of separate operations—the role of staff-work in a boot and shoe factory becomes readily apparent.

What has all this done to the Gentle Craft? I should not like to say that the souter-operative in a modern factory has or requires the skill of the old stitchmen or the makers of those slim Victorian pumps, hand-sewn and then turned inside out. But, quite apart from the last-maker and the designer, who must be technician and artist combined, there is still considerable need for experience and dexterity. First, there is the clicker who cuts out the uppers, either by hand from a brass-bound pattern, or using a power-press to operate a knife-edged "shape." He must know his leather, its flaws and stretch. Some bits of a skin he must discard; some will do for vamps, others only for backs or side-pieces; and he must work within a "tolerance" of wastage, which at best sends a big percentage of unusable leather to the factory furnace. The same expert knowledge is needed by the press-cutters of the bottom leather, soles and heels.

As for the making, I can only summarise the principal operations. First, the in-sole is tacked on a last; then, with the assistance of separate machines, toe, waist and "seat" are lasted over the stiffeners and tacked; the welt (if one is provided) is sewn by lock-stitch to upper and in-sole; the "filler" is inserted; and finally, after trimming, the sole (with a "middle" for heavy wear) is either sewn by lock-stitch to the welt, or cemented on—a process which has been widely used for women's shoes since the advent of the plastic adhesives developed for the aeroplane industry. Next, the metal shank under the arch is fitted, and the heel attached and, if of leather, shaped by a machine. After that comes an endless series of finishing processes—pounding and burnishing, staining of heel and "feather," scouring and varnishing of soles, and the "last touch" polishing. At nearly every stage I watched, it seemed to me that real skill was involved in "presenting" the shoe to the machine: certainly a good craftsman-operative can make a better job than an indifferent worker, and in waist-lasting particularly hard, muscular effort is required.

And what of the product and the economics of the industry? So far as "Lotus" is concerned, pride of place is enjoyed by the Veldtschoen, invented in 1913 as a boot for skiers, and developed next year as a "shooter," designed cheerfully for English country gentlemen, but destined, alas, to enable too many of my contemporaries to enjoy the grim comfort of dying in the Somme mud with their feet dry. But these famous boots, whose secret is the double upper—the outer skin sewn apron-wise over the welt—need no commendation from me: they, and the specialities of many other firms whose names will be in readers' minds, are proof that machine manufacture can turn out stuff of quality. For the rest, the 1946 Working Party had no serious criticisms to make of the technical efficiency of an industry which provides every British citizen with three pairs of boots and shoes a year.

On some points the layman may have doubts. It seems fundamentally unsound that a British industry should rely to such a degree on the U.S. for its machinery, and I am not sure that British firms in general have yet accorded the designer the influence he ought to exercise: there is a good deal of the silly "copy cat" attitude in the industry. Furthermore, there is a tendency, if I am not mistaken, to attach too much importance to the theory, at least in women's "lines"—that only continuous novelty of pattern and trimming will stimulate sales. Manufacturers have never forgotten the pre-war days of over-production, when consumption had to be pepped up at all costs. They underrate, I think, the fact that, in the conditions of 1951, even women cannot readily be tempted to discard shoes that are not worn out, and that a really good "classic" model with a steady production run might yield better long-term results than fussy, and costly, changes of pattern every season. There is scope, I suggest, for rationalisation if only producers would get together on a voluntary common policy. It might be a better service to the community to produce fewer different models and more fittings for each size. Here we lag far behind the United States.

But back, please, in conclusion to Bostock I. Is Bostock V producing as fine a shoe? Certainly not. He would be a rash manufacturer to-day who claimed that the machine-made shoe kept its shape as well as the hand-lasted, hand-sewn article. How can it? Apart from the fact that for technical reasons the hand-sewing of sole to welt is more waterproof, the hand-craftsman can "work out" stretch in lasting and stitching as no machine can do, even with the most dexterous operator. Except for a small and declining market among tax-dodgers and *poules de luxe*, cordwainery as a pure handicraft is dying. I regret it. But this must be borne in mind: the shoes I bought for £2 5s in 1912, and £5 10s in 1939, would cost to-day probably £14. With that progression of prices, we should soon be back to the days when children went barefoot in the streets, back to William Langland's *Plowman* with his poor shoes, "clouted ful thykke" and his toes "toteden out." The machine in this case may have lowered the skill, though it has not spoiled the "jolliness" of an old and rewarding craft, but it has at least given us, in serviceable shape, something we vitally need and could not otherwise afford.

AYLMER VALLANCE

"Mr. and Mrs. Fla"

My mother and father were happily married for forty-three years, warming us all with their love. But, as if this were not enough, Father always claimed that his example had started off another rich marriage, that of the H. W. Fowlers. For H.W.F., an apparently confirmed, but never a crusty bachelor, came over from Guernsey where he was compiling his dictionary in a hut surrounded by tomatoes, to be best man at my parents' wedding: and (in direct result, as Father always maintained) announced his own joy a year or two later in this postcard:

> I didn't write before lest you should send me a present, and I write now lest you should learn it first from the papers, that to-morrow, on my 50th birthday, I marry Miss Jessie Marian Wills, aged 46.

The news fell like a comet, scattering bright possibilities: the explanation was simple enough, as H.W.F. told Father when next they met. He had been sent, for some not very serious malady, to the nursing home of which Miss Wills was the matron: she tended him with that warm, practical humanity which was natural to her—they fell in love—they married.

Though they had not as many years together as Father and Mother had, they were most gloriously happy. We met them as a couple first in Guernsey, where they had moved from the inconvenient hut to a beautiful old white house by a mill, living simply, and well, to the rhythm of running water. We would gladly have heard anything else, when we first arrived: for we had travelled from the mainland of France in a very small boat, and the journey was both long and bumpy. My sister and I held out bravely enough until an Algerian rug-seller pacing the deck beside us became unwell and lime-green simultaneously: after that we'd had it. But H.W.F. was on the quay to greet us when we tottered ashore at St. Peter Port: and I well remember being bettered at once by the cheerful sanity of his appearance. He wore, as he so often did, drab knickerbockers buttoned at the knee, continuing in long home-knit stockings, and ending in stout boots: but, in deference to the summer's heat, he wore also a comfortable Norfolk jacket of some light material such as tussore or alpaca. His head, which nature had tonsured like a monk's, was burnt to a deep warm bronze, and polished like mahogany: he had large, long, sea-blue eyes which he screwed up against the sun now as he greeted us, and which later were often screwed up again in amazement at some outrageous statement, or misuse of a word. (He was naturally a purist, yet still remained human. Witness this postcard to my father in acknowledgment of one

VR

ER KINGS' GR

SECRETARY

The most intimate Royal Memoirs

"... Life at Marienbad was very hard work, as I spent so much time seeing people who were difficult to get rid of. For instance ... a beautiful lady from the half-world in Vienna who wanted to have the honour of sleeping with the King (Edward VII). On being told this was out of the question, she said if it came to the worst she would sleep with me, so that she should not waste the money spent on her ticket; but I told her to look elsewhere for a bed. ..."

★ ★ ★

"... When I persuaded the King (George V) to send a sympathetic message to Ramsay MacDonald on the illness of his wife, all the Conservatives were upset at the King toying with anarchism, as they put it. ..."

★ ★ ★

"... When I attended a 'Court' I was always struck by the incongruous music the band played, and determined to do what I could to have this remedied.

I argued that these popular airs robbed the ceremony of all dignity. A presentation at Court was often a great event in a lady's life, but if she went past the King and Queen to the tune of 'His nose was redder than it was,' the whole impression was spoilt. ..."

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They are the private diaries of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, first Lord Sysonby, for 40 years a private secretary to King George V, King Edward VII, and Queen Victoria.

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SUNDAY EXPRESS

of G.G.C.'s more fiery pamphlets: "Capital; most convincing; by which of course I don't mean that it will ever convince anybody of anything.")

We went out to Moulin de Haut that day by jolting taxi, and were set down at once to a rich meal whose centrepiece was a bowl piled high with curds. This was not a happy start, after our crossing, but my memories of the rest of the stay are blissful; for the sun seems to have shone steadily all day long, the bays were miracles of sapphire sea, pink tamarisks and golden sand: and the personality of Mrs. Fla seemed to fill the whole landscape like a brighter, warmer sun.

She called herself, as we always called her, "Mrs. Fla," in reference to a Lady Somebody of her acquaintance who, with that languor of the lips which sometimes afflicts the upper orders, was unable to make more than one syllable out of "Fowler." Her ladyship perhaps thought the name was "Flower"; and from this to "Fla" was natural enough. Mrs. Fla accepted the misnomer, with its implied ignorance of her husband and his life-work, as she accepted all other absurdities: that is, with apparent complaisance. But she resembled a volcano in some ways, and much went on beneath the crust.

She was the plainest woman I have ever known. Her plainness was grand and regal: it was no mere apologetic lack of looks. In other matters also she was queenly: in her bearing (she had a full magnificent figure and flowed firmly, rather than walked, with her head of white hair held as proudly as a banner); and in her performance of the ordinary small domestic jobs which you and I scuffle through with no dignity whatever. Mrs. Fla podding peas in the sunshine at the back door, with her rather purple face held sideways and her hands plying busily, always suggested Cleopatra to me, though I have not now the faintest idea why. It was *A Woman Podding Peas*, but it was also a command performance, done for any audience, done for the pleasure of it, and done brilliantly, with the minimum of time wasted.

Her husband and she were on the simple, easy terms of people who have married for the plain reason that they can't bear to live without one another. She, who was half a head taller than he, called him "Ducks-boy," he called her simply "Dearest." I remember them one evening walking around their twilit garden at Moulin de Haut, two ill-assorted figures (the ignorant might have said), shadowy in the warm dusk. He had his arm about her waist, which was the easiest level for it: she had her arm about his shoulder, again the most natural level for her. They bent and sniffed appreciatively at a pale night-scented stock: after which he said something lover-ly to her, and once again she bent her majestic head, and bit his ear.

I remember no more of Guernsey but the shaded waterlanes down which the limpid water ran away among cresses, and H.W.F.'s amusement at Bridget's account of a local harvest festival. He, who never went inside a church if he could help it, conducted us there, and then went a brisk four or five mile walk before fetching us home again. We got on all right, it seemed just like any other harvest festival, except that the church was naturally enough decorated with the harvest of the sea rather than the land, until Bridget, who was at the end of the pew nearest to the window sill, observed that all the supposedly dead lobsters had their claws out and waving.

H.W.F. was delighted with this: he was particularly fond of Bridget, and revelled in the pithy wit of her conversation. When we later visited them at Hinton St. George, in Somerset, where they had a cottage for their last years, he was delighted also to discover that she swam as well as he did, and that she really enjoyed getting up early in the morning, running round the Park in gym shoes, and then plunging into the lily pool after he had, as he called it, "chivalrously parted the scum for the ladies" by diving in first.

He had us both in mind as young females of fashion on this second visit; and had saved up for us some queries he considered suitable, greeting us almost on our arrival with "What *is* a matinée bonnet?" We had naturally never heard of such a thing, which dashed him: so the entry in the Pocket Oxford Dictionary concerns only matinée *hats*, whose function (according to the P.O.D.) is plain enough.

The Fowlers will be long remembered in Hinton St. George. They had been married at this time more than fifteen years, and she was already suffering from the incurable disease from which she died in 1930: but they were still radiantly happy. They used each evening to stroll hand in hand about the Park, which had been graciously opened to them by the Dowager whose mansion it contained: and there was an old woman in a cottage near the gates who used to watch for them. She called them "The Lovers." The kindly aptness of this pleased H.W.F. very much, for to the end of their lives they *were* lovers in the truest sense.

Every year, on the anniversary of their wedding day or on their birthdays, he wrote his Dearest a brief poem, which she received at breakfast. This was curious, for he had been spartanly brought up in a family which made a principle of ignoring all anniversaries, however significant and tender. Perhaps it was partly in revolt against this half-century's Puritanism that H.W.F. composed his sonnets and triolets: but it was certainly mainly for love.

Here is part of one:

> My wife and I, we disagree
> On every mortal matter;
> The Spratts, 'tis said, were odd; but we
> Are infinitely Spratter . . . . .
>
> A crowning discord only can
> Solve discords so inhuman
> She says the world to her's one man—
> To me it is one woman.

His verses were tender and gay and full of the private language of lovers, but not so full as to make them unintelligible to those who knew Mrs. Fla and her Ducks-boy. SARAH CAMPION

African Incident

THE police came for Ncobo at midnight. I was on night duty in town, but my wife was wakened by their torches on the field path next to our garden. Before they took him away they allowed him to explain his crime. "I was sleeping with this girl," he explained in his native tongue.

"This girl" was Christina, a plump young Zulu woman who had worked for a neighbour of ours, had been dismissed, and was now discovered lying with our servant in a mud-walled, iron-roofed hovel a hundred yards from his quarters.

There were three sides to the question. There was the official side. Ncobo and Christina were committing adultery, which is punishable by African custom, to some of which the White man has given legal force. Ncobo had not paid *lobola* (cattle) to Christina's father, who was losing a valuable asset.

There was my neighbour's side. "I was so annoyed at that bitch," he said half-apologetically a few weeks later—half-apologetically, because it isn't "done" to interfere with another White man's servants, and he presumably felt guilty of inconveniencing me.

Then there was Ncobo and Christina's side. "We are in love," they said.

Ncobo spent the night in the cells, and the next morning returned jauntily to say that he had been fined £2—or about two-thirds of a month's wages for the average "houseboy." He did not appear to feel any disgrace, any of the vague sense of having been contaminated that is apt to afflict even guiltless Europeans who find themselves "inside." After all, isn't it every African's lot to be picked up by the police every now and then? He is caught out after curfew or trapped in the intricate meshes of the pass laws. It is like a public school caning—nearly everyone gets it sooner or later.

Ncobo came back to work. He had been free fully four hours when the police sergeant returned. Where was Ncobo's poll-tax receipt? The tax had fallen due a fortnight ago, but Ncobo had not paid it. In such cases there is no question of warning or issuing summonses; and Ncobo went back to prison.

What really seemed to annoy the sergeant more than the unpaid tax was Ncobo's suede shoes. They were not shoes I would have chosen for myself, but the sergeant's objection was not aesthetic, but ideological. "What does a Kaffir want with shoes?" he asked me in his thick Afrikaans accent. Obviously, Ncobo had chosen shoes instead of tax.

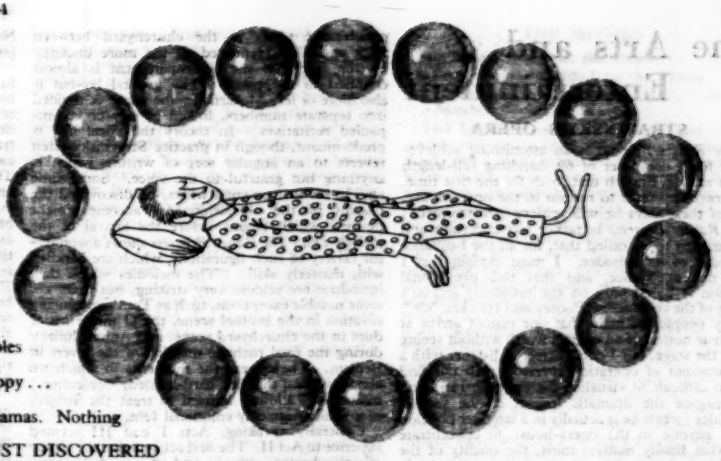
His jauntiness was wearing rather thin when, the next day, he was released after I had paid both his tax and his fine. But the police left him alone for two days. Then they searched his quarters. They found a paper bag full of grain that was beginning to sprout—clear evidence that he contemplated brewing beer.

In South Africa a native may not buy liquor from a bottle store. He may drink a weak and unpalatable "Kaffir beer" at an African beer hall, but that may be five miles away. The result is that he brews his own drink—which is against the law. It is even illegal to possess sprouted grain which could be used for brewing.

Ncobo's story was that the grain belonged to a friend who had left it in his keeping. The story was thin, but so, by that time, was my patience. I asked a lot of questions, and was told: "It's the law, and I am carrying it out. If they make a law that I have to shoot niggers, I'll carry that out too." At the same time the sergeant looked at me, with less annoyance, I think, than reproach. Why should I want to make all this fuss about a Kaffir, particularly in the Kaffir's presence, and give the swine the impression that the White men were divided?

I promised that there would be a lawyer in court to defend Ncobo. I do not know if that had anything to do with his release the next day, but I was curtly told by the police that his story had been proved true and that he had therefore not been charged. It does not seem to matter very much. What does matter is that Ncobo was by now intimidated. He returned to pack his belongings, and I have not seen him since. I knew him as an honest, courteous servant, but when he is next in court it is likely to be for something more serious than adultery and non-payment of poll-tax.

Now the significant part of this story is that, by standards that are normal here, Ncobo was treated considerately. He was not manhandled or subjected to "third degree." The sergeant who arrested him was not even a Nationalist, but a supporter of the "liberal" United Party. By everyday standards he is a "decent chap," and if he sees you foot-slogging along the road in a temperature of a hundred in the shade he will always be good for a lift. The only thing is, you have to be White. SCIPIO



I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls

That's me, asleep. Those are the marbles round about. I'm warm . . . quiet . . . happy . . . Nothing to do with the spots on my pyjamas. Nothing to do with earplugs or opium. I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE WORLD'S BEST ALL-ROUND INSULATING MATERIAL CONSISTS OF NOTHING BUT MILLIONS OF FINE GLASS FILAMENTS, SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES! Wonderful! Makes walls heat-tight . . . roofs ditto . . . floors sound-proof . . . life restful. Builders use it. So do architects. Also engineers. It's called:—

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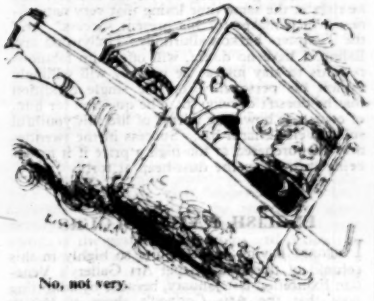

No, not very.

Then why do you keep changing gear?

Because the old bus has seen better days, I suppose.

Why were they better days?

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That, my dear enquiring offspring, is what we'd all like to know!

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The Arts and Entertainment

STRAVINSKY'S OPERA

The Rake's Progress is an astonishing achievement for a composer of 69, handling full-length opera and an English text, both for the first time. If Stravinsky cares to remain in the opera-house, one of these days he will achieve a masterpiece; *The Rake's Progress* is rather too uncertain and too uneven to be called that, for all the brilliance of some of its episodes. I must explain that I was not at Venice, and that this provisional opinion is based only on the broadcast and on a study of the vocal score (Boosey and Hawkes, 50s.). Many people maintain that one cannot arrive at any true notion of an opera's worth without seeing it on the stage, but I don't agree. A listener with a fair amount of operatic experience will not find it too difficult to visualise the stage business and to imagine the dramatic impact of the various episodes; while he is actually in a stronger position than anyone in the opera-house to concentrate on what finally matters most, the quality of the music.

The libretto is the joint work of W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, and slightly superior to the general run of such things since the death of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. In detail it is sometimes clumsy and obscure, and many lines sound surprisingly like an old-fashioned opera translation; but Auden and his collaborator do at least understand the nature of opera, and they have provided the composer with a succession of episodes well suited for burlesque, sinister or sentimental treatment. There are admittedly two alternating levels of style, the bulk of the plot being handled in the *buffo* vein of a comedy of humours, while the Rake's abandoned sweetheart, Anne Trulove, is treated quite seriously, and, at the end, with moving pathos. But music has wonderful powers of reconciling such discrepancies (compare *Der Rosenkavalier*), and this is a less serious fault than the feeble presentation of the hero, Tom Rakewell. The trouble with poor Tom is that he doesn't rake nearly well enough to win our sympathy. At the end of a spirited brothel scene he goes to bed with the elderly brothel-keeper; he marries a Bearded Lady from St. Giles's Fair; and he is persuaded to invest in an absurd stone-into-bread machine. What a life! In short, Tom gets a very poor run for his money, and the charming Anne seems to be wasting her tears, not on an attractive rascal, but on an ignorant and stupid gull.

The shadow of *Don Giovanni* broods over Stravinsky's score; I think we should have felt that without having been told as much in Nicolas Nabokov's recent book. There is the *buffo* finale after the tragic ending; there is the figure of Nick Shadow, half Leporello and half Devil; there is the penultimate scene in the churchyard between Nick and Tom, rendered all the more uncanny by the fact that the accompaniment is almost confined to the piano. The general lay-out is also more or less Mozartian; the score is divided into separate numbers, linked by dry or accompanied recitatives. In theory the vocal line is predominant, though in practice Stravinsky often reverts to an angular sort of writing which is anything but grateful to the voice. Some time ago, in his instrumental works, he discovered the charms of the old-fashioned "accompaniment figure" which begins before the arrival of the melody; and *The Rake's Progress* shows a wonderful variety of such figurations, which are handled with masterly skill. The melodies which they introduce are seldom very striking, but there are some notable exceptions, such as Tom's entrancing cavatina in the brothel scene, the G minor major duet in the churchyard scene, and Anne's lullaby during the final pathetic meeting of the lovers in Bedlam. These were the moments in which we almost wished that our hard-headed, "objective" master had allowed himself to treat the subject in a whole-heartedly emotional vein.

Generally speaking, Acts I and III seemed superior to Act II. The first act contains the highly effective brothel episode, and an extended closing scene for Anne, ending in a Rossini-like cabaletta, with which Elisabeth Schwarzkopf made a brilliant effect. The last act opens with an auction scene in which Hugues Cuenod sounded quite dazzling as the auctioneer; this is immediately followed by the churchyard scene and the scene in Bedlam. Stravinsky is a great man for revising his scores, and it may well be that he is already at work on a revised *Rake*. If so, I hope he will cut the Epilogue, speed up the dry recitative (which at present drags), and (perhaps with a new text) rewrite the second act. There is another general fault which could easily be remedied. The whole score is full of misaccentuations, the words not lying in the vocal line as they would lie in declamation. Thus, in the opening line, "The woods are green," there are strong beats on the first and third (instead of on the second and fourth) syllables. This sort of thing gives a forced and unnatural sound to the vocal line, and places an unnecessary burden on the singers.

But, revised or unrevised, *The Rake's Progress* must certainly be seen at Covent Garden. It is the work of a man of genius not altogether at home in a new field. And I like to think that Covent Garden could give it a better and more accurate performance than it received (under the composer) at La Fenice. Schwarzkopf, who was impeccable, is ours too; whereas Robert Rounseville, who sang Tom, was evidently out of his depth, and Ottokar Kraus, as Nick Shadow, mouthed and hammed instead of singing the notes. Jennie Tourel, as the Bearded Lady, seems to have had a bad press; but over the air she sounded excellent.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

STRATFORD REVISITED

It is a pity that the performances on which critics base their judgments are commonly either the first, where all manner of accidents are in danger of arising, or the second, where the first-night tension has snapped and the actors are, by common consent, at their lowest. True, one learns to make allowances, but making allowances for a production that does not quite come up to hopes is not the same thing as being carried away—and the state of being carried away is the best state from which to write. *Richard II* opened the Stratford season in March, and after the first performance I wrote coolly about it, "making allowances." Yet if I had seen it later when it had settled down I should have been carried away as I was when re-seeing it the other night. It is now really a very fine production indeed. Mr. Redgrave's Richard does now just what it didn't quite do before—it catches us up completely in pity for the King; on that first night all the makings of the present performance were seen to be there, but the spell was not cast. Now it is, and the slight difference is, in effect, immense.

There are still a few things I should like modified in Mr. Quayle's first-rate production—the hysteria of Richard's minions, for instance, seems to me overdone. But what specially strikes me now is how excellently he has marked the contrast between the introverted King and his Court and the solid extraverted nobles who oppose him. The great thick figure of Northumberland (Alexander Guage), for instance, significantly planted even in scenes where he doesn't speak; and Bolingbroke's noble stalk up to the throne when he assumes it, with a trace all the same of a not untroubled defiance of the future, and the very moving and direct simplicity of Mowbray (William Fox). The production is full of imaginative and really helpful touches which bring out the contrasts and create the atmosphere, not wilfully or exotically, but out of the text itself. And the inaudibility I complained of earlier has now quite righted itself. The play is clearly, sensitively and musically spoken by the whole company.

Mr. Quayle has produced as well, and with just the same touch of quality, the last of the season's plays, *Henry V*. This, I was seeing for the first time, and once again it was evidently an advantage to come to it a little late. My colleagues were unanimous in thinking Mr. Redgrave's Chorus badly overdone and Mr. Richard Burton's Henry sadly underdone. By now neither of these criticisms is valid. Mr. Richard Burton may not come up to the expectations that have been formed of him, but in default of technique (particularly of voice) his interesting presence, his power, do carry through in a production which makes allowances for them. The roughness which used to be evident in all Mr. Quayle's productions is now being replaced by polish without losing anything of its old vigour and attack.

Mr. Richard Burton is a young actor who has made a very striking mark, very early—too early, perhaps, for his own good. It is evident at once that he is a "natural," and at the moment he is content to rest on that, helped out in difficulties by a few mannerisms borrowed from Sir Laurence Olivier. For a personality actor of this kind there is a difficult choice to make. If he works at his art long and humbly he has every chance of becoming a great actor by the age of forty. But he risks at the same time losing that very naturalness which makes for his present success. And the Tempters beckon alluringly: Hollywood and Ealing, I have no doubt, will offer him fabulous rewards to stay just as he is; they will willingly exploit his personality, on the single condition that he doesn't develop it. The question for him, of course, is how long a lease of life this youthful sulky Welsh charm has. Success in the twenties may be purchased at too high a price if it means being thrown on the dust-heap at forty.

T. C. WORSLEY

ENGLISH WATERCOLOURS

I REGRET having spoken quite so highly in this column of the Whitechapel Art Gallery's Venetian Exhibition last January, because by admitting now that the Arts Council's show of British watercolours and drawings at the New Burlington Galleries is, *within its limits*, about as good as it could be, I am debasing the currency of words. Our age has compensated for lack of creative genius in painting by the finest series of exhibitions that has ever been held. Consequently, different, higher and more vigorous critical standards must be applied to deal with them. I look around for some fault to find, some chink in the exasperatingly tough armour, and can discover nothing to complain of, except that Mr. Oppé's collection of English watercolours, one of the most representative and thoughtful in existence, has not been drawn on (this would have enriched the Alexander Cozens group, which is not quite up to standard), that Rowlandson is perhaps allotted more space than he deserves, that the names of Francis Oliver Finch and Joseph Wright do not appear in the catalogue, that the organiser, Mr. Brinsley Ford, could have made more use

of those Victorians who were not associated with the Pre-Raphaelite movement without abandoning his personal aesthetic bias—a meagre list of objections, to be sure.

However, I still cling to my damping qualification "within its limits." For it must be recognised that the show is not at all a panorama of watercolour painting over three centuries, but a personal choice. "The works in this exhibition," writes Mr. Brinsley Ford in the introduction to his catalogue, "have been selected on the lines adopted when forming a private rather than a public collection: in consequence the choice has been subject to all vagaries and aberrations of personal taste." Birket Foster, Copley Fielding, Prout, Sargent, who would once have struck everyone as indispensable elements in an anthology of this kind, are excluded. Samuel Palmer of the Shoreham period, Francis Towne in his single year (1780-1) of fertile fantasy, a wistful Isaac Oliver, Edward Lear in the Mediterranean, John Frederick Lewis in the Near East, Pars in Naples, Skelton around Rome—these are the heroes of the exhibition, with of course John Robert Cozens, Girtin, Cotman and late—only the elderly—Turner gazing like spiritual fathers benevolently down upon them. The exhibition contains just what one would expect from a connoisseur of real sensibility, the author of a learned book on Wilson and a distinguished collector of drawings. It also sums up what cultivated Englishmen in general, after Piper and Sutherland, after thirty years of reassessing, of disinterring, of rejecting, have come to desire. It is the apotheosis of a reshuffling that has been in progress unobtrusively all these years, the stamp of respectability on risks taken, the medal for past victories. But it is no longer risky, it has grown safe. One is invited, not to speculate but to enjoy. It is a well-rounded-off end, not a provocative beginning.

For the exhibition represents the taste, not of one man but of a whole generation of liberal-minded people who, having been brought up on the sketches of Constable perhaps, or on Corot's views over the Campagna, or Guardi or Van Gogh, have learnt to attach value to the blots of Alexander Cozens, to the flat washes of Towne, to the hallucinations of the young Palmer, to the paper peering through, to the uncertain pencil stroke, to the discarded jotting. There is a danger that we shall stick at this discovery—that in England around 1800 watercolour proved the most satisfactory medium for fixing those fleeting and somewhat melancholy sensations about landscape that were then crying out to be expressed—instead of searching for examples where the medium is put to totally different uses.

In order to make an exhibition of English watercolours once more provocative—and only by selecting new aspects of the past can our interest in the subject be kept going—it would be necessary to demonstrate what happened in the later nineteenth century when the wonderful spontaneity and loneliness of the vagabond artist were things of the past, when painters settled down to a comfortable existence at home, producing for a steady market, and "prostituting," as we would say in our liberal language, their talents by laboured imitations of oils; or indeed going to the opposite extreme, and cashing in on the freedom that had been won for the medium by Cox and De Wint, and in the process vulgarising it. But it is very doubtful whether, within *its* limits, a new exhibition illustrating new themes could at this stage be made as rich and as delightful as the one under review.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

The Revenger's Tragedy is one of the darkest, most tense and most bloody of late Elizabethan dramas. Its production on Sunday revived the constant question: how effective can such stage plays be on the air? For Tourneur is first and last a stage writer, making utmost use of action, gesture, disguise, visual shock (what can be made, say, of the "masque of intended murderers" at the play's climax?)—never flowing out into poetry for its own sake. And then, by word alone, his bitter, tainted characters, each with his grievance and his private guilt, are hardly to be distinguished; a black crowd they are—the Duke, a "parched and juiceless luxur"; his bastard son who commits incest with his father's wife; his heir Lussurioso, spoiler of virgins; his rabble of foppish, evil stepsons; while through it all stalks the sad figure of Vindice, the Revenger, bearing his lady's skull, the symbol of his wrongs, and, later, the horrible instrument of his revenge. Frank Hauser's rather austere production suffered inevitably from confusion of character and, to anyone new to the story, of plot; but it was powerful and swift, making the most of the thunder and black lightning of the dialogue, and having, it seemed to me, some authentic Elizabethan spirit. Walter Fitzgerald (the old Duke), William Devlin (the Revenger), Hugh Burden (Lussurioso), Barbara Everest (Gratiana) were among several who gave distinct and admirable performances.

Can Englishmen be foreigners? or natives? William Plomer's answer (*More Foreign than Before*), an inquiry into the nature of foreignness, was delivered with a leisured and irresistible elegance which did not, however, conceal its penetration. "The idea of pure breeding may be all very well down on the farm, in the kennel or the sty, but among human beings. . . ." It was addressed to the Home Service. A pleasure of another kind, and one which the printed word could not convey, was the recorded interview with Matisse. The painter, who is now eighty-one, replied (in French) to questions about the Dominican Chapel he has been designing—though a lifelong anti-clerical—for the last four years, at Vence.

Africa was the subject of two important Home Service talks during the week: *The African Comes to Town* by Basil Davidson (about South Africa) and *New Out of Africa* (about Kenya) by Patrick O'Donovan. Basil Davidson is a calm and effective speaker, wasting no words, and delivering his appalling facts with an air of understatement. Patrick O'Donovan, whose talk was the first of a series of five, speaks like a writer; his observations are of the vivid and dramatic kind. They were at the same time, however, enlightening and responsible, and the remaining talks should be of real interest.

A notable feature of Louis MacNeice's new poems *Burnt Offerings*, was their approach to (or flight from) experience through literature, the more so as they were written during his recent sojourn in Greece. The manner—particularly in the Byron poem *Cock o' the North*—was so much like the early MacNeice as to suggest a parody; how familiar was the cynical flat statement of the surface and the turbulent hustle of thoughts beneath. . . . But a second hearing, at least, is necessary for a fair impression, and that, I see, we are promised.

Afternoon listening, the preserve of critics, convalescents, housekeeping wives and other casuals, has its rewarding moments. An air of freedom, of having no audience, perhaps, can at times be felt; so we have, now the experimental play; now the controversial talk. Last week, for instance, in *Background to the News*, a weekly Forces programme, we could hear a spirited and dramatic discussion on whether Spain should contribute to the defence of Western Europe. Both sides of the argument were given—a nice juxtaposition, it appeared, of expediency and principle. Another Forces series on Tuesday afternoons, *Defenders of the Realm*, compares conditions of military service Then and Now (food, pay, care of wounded and so forth). A brilliant idea! For, whatever the *arrière-pensée* (if there is one) the material is startling, absorbing, and very well put over. But all this applies to weekdays only. See the difference on Saturday afternoons, with their shamefaced and self-conscious offerings,—and—on both stations, too. Clearly it is time at last to go out for a wholesome walk.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Magic Box," at the Odeon
"When Worlds Collide," at the Plaza
"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The beginning of films, and the end of the world: this week's intentions, at any rate, are far-flung, and I shan't pretend I haven't spent many hours in the cinema more tedious. But excitement has been dolefully lacking. To put aside outer space for the moment, one might have anticipated quite a thrill from seeing his first moving picture through the eyes of its inventor. *The Magic Box* (directed by John Boulting) is a biography of William Friese-Greene, our own unacknowledged compeer of Edison, Lumière, and the rest; and after two marriages and ninety minutes we reach the moment—culled, apparently, from fact—when in the watches of the night Friese-Greene calls in a London policeman to witness his triumph. But are we bowled over? I'm afraid not. The policeman looks behind the little screen for an explanation, and then remarks heavily, "You must be a very happy man, Mr. Friese-Greene." The historic moment has slipped away, and not even Sir Laurence Olivier's one-minute appearance in blue can alleviate its emptiness. The problem of every film biography—how to come to life—has quite stumped the makers of *The Magic Box*.

They have failed in the worthiest kind of way. No extravagant claims have been made for British invention, and no absurd passion has been tagged on; considerable skill has been expended upon meagre fact; all the fifty or so minimal parts have been filled by well-known actors and actresses; the co-operation of the family has been secured, the blessings of the British film industry have descended, and the whole bears the stamp of "The Festival Film, 1951." We haven't been so much bored as, gently, let down. But the disappointment rankles. Were there no more interest and fun in the early mechanics of the cinema than this? Is the unemphatic gesture

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worth making? Since respect (more or less) for the facts was inherent in the whole project, wouldn't documentary have met the case better? One hardly knows whether to praise or to blame Mr. Robert Donat for the conventional charm of his inventor, tired, dauntless, elegiac: he Chips away indefatigably, and if he hadn't, I hardly know how the film would have kept its thread. Its one psychological subtlety—the notion that the most sensitive people may be also the most selfish—is not in itself enough to animate the central figure; and so he has been padded round with period and faces too well known to create a genuine background. Of the two women, Maria Schell manages to sparkle a little. This is a film which nobody will ever be ashamed of and nobody will wholeheartedly remember.

The synopsis of *When Worlds Collide* is a good deal more exciting than the film itself. A star and a planet rushing towards us with tremendous speed . . . giant tidal waves, disastrous earthquakes . . . collision with the earth and its total destruction. Very little indeed of all this are we privileged to see. Fifty people in a station waiting-room represent world panic; and this isn't the kind of piece that can conjure with diminishment. Its scientists, lovers, and millionaires who plan to emigrate by rocket-ship are plain bores, unconvincing even in melodrama; and the spectacular appeal has to wait for the actual flight to a new world. This, except for the landing, proves to be hardly more exhilarating than lift-travel; and the new world has nothing more fair to show than Technicolor, the Pyramids (unless my eyes deceived me), and the heavenly choirs rather nearer than usual.

Mr. Belvedere (Clifton Webb), who started by being very funny, has now sunk into a disagreeable fairydom. His role is to convince the old people in a home that they're young, and to provide them with the bazaar they've always dreamed of: all sorts of sugary things come about between superciliousness and tears. Let him get back to sourness unrestrained. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet

In a few days' time Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, under the auspices of Sol Hurok, leave on a coast-to-coast tour of Canada and America. Before their departure, we saw *Coppelia*, their first full-length classic, and *Casse Noisette*, both new presentations for the tour. If a ballet company's chief strength lies in its extreme youth, then it is unlikely that it will be shown to best advantage in the classics—but, if we must supply the demand, then I suppose *Coppelia* is the right one to attempt first. This is a milestone in the company's career. The milestone itself is not everyone's favourite ballet, with its tedious automata and its Swanhilda compact of all the pertness of the soubrette combined with the dazzling, steely bravura of the *ballerina assoluta*. Fifield, neat, sharp and unexotic, is still cold, still relatively inexperienced. The most elegant dancing of the evening came from the tall, fluent, poetic Beriosova in the Prayer Variation; the warmest from Sheilah O'Reilly among the girls of the village. Sets and costumes, by the talented Loudon Sainthill, seemed to me generally quite horrid, unimaginative and almost entirely wrong; absence of production and unifying artistic direction was evident throughout the ballet. *Casse Noisette*, re-arranged by Ashton as a new and fetching *divertissement*, drops little Clara and the Christmas party and opens very prettily with the snowflake scene—Beriosova, dressed with great style and beauty, and in really dazzling form. Fifield and Blair present an easy, assured Sugar-Plum and Nutcracker, Maryon Lane takes the eye with a performance of great attack and *brio* among the flowers. Beaton's costumes, some of them big-skirted in the Maryinsky tradition, are sometimes ravishing—the beautiful crystallised cabbage rose, the Snow Queen; sometimes unfortunate—Blair's green satin Harlequin costume, and a few of the Edwardian bon-bons that are confectioned a little too far. The first décor and the transformation scene are simple and satisfying, but the Kingdom of Sweets really will not do. R. O.

Ballet Espagnol of Pilar López, at the Cambridge Theatre

If enough is as good as a feast, this year we in London have certainly feasted on Spanish dancing. However, those of us who have not succumbed to indigestion and can still raise a faint but brave *olé* to spur on the taps and clicks of our too generous fortune, will give a warm welcome to our latest and, on the whole, finest Spanish visitors. Pilar López is the sister of Argentinita and, like José Greco's troupe, this company derives much of its inspiration from the traditions of that great dancer who, possibly more than anyone else, was responsible for the present form of Spanish dance presentation in our theatres. Apart from the fact that one feels that these traditions have been more faithfully maintained by López than by Greco, one must applaud the good taste and careful balance of her programmes. With her dancers there is frequently an aristocratic reticence which far from diminishing their power to excite, gives this power a fresh polish of calculated artistry. López, herself, is a charming, stylish dancer with a wide range, but it is her four male protégés who make the strongest impression; the graceful Alberto Lorca, the fiery Alejandro Vega, the rough, brilliant Manolo Vargas and Roberto Ximénez, whose zapateado rivals Antonio's. With dancers such as these even a further choreographic version of Ravel's *Bolero* becomes enjoyable. C. B.

Paintings of Jamaica, at the Lefevre Gallery

That John Minton enjoys travelling and recording his travels is significant for, although his early work was more subjective and personal, he is naturally a fairly objective painter—interested in his subjects for their own sake; his imagination is an instrument for discovering and interpreting experience rather than for creating it; the frontiers he crosses are real ones. Previously, however, his style, his method of drawing, tended to be too mannered for this unostentatious attitude. Now in these forty new watercolours this style has developed and become less self-conscious. One's first impression is of the reality of Jamaica as a place, of the islands' coast-line, of the heavy sometimes brittle vegetation, of the nights like stage-sets, and above all of the people who live there. One senses the odd value of a wooden café lit by a naked electric light bulb; one understands how a youth walks down the street wearing, as well as smoking, his cigarette. Only afterwards does one appreciate that these images are satisfying because they have been selected by a sensitive mind, given substance by the efficient use of colour, texture and tone, and held in equilibrium by workmanlike compositions. Some pictures, of course, are better than others; two market scenes (Nos. 17 and 28) are particularly moving. The five oil paintings fail because they lack the fluent immediacy of the watercolours but are too literal and stiff to generate a parallel meaning of their own. But the show as a whole proves that Minton's human, sympathetic reporting is often more profound than the "Poetry" of some of his contemporaries.

J. B.

Correspondence

BEVANITES AT BLACKPOOL

SIR,—A number of reports and comments have made it appear as if the political line of the Bevanites had been fully discussed, and, after discussion, defeated at the Blackpool Conference. That is not so; and it is, perhaps, not unimportant to return to the subject, particularly in view of the forthcoming Labour Party Conference at Scarborough.

The main public argument at Blackpool was between the leaders of the General Council and the Communists. That arrangement, no doubt, pleased the spokesmen for the General Council; but it had three deplorable results:—

(1) It led to a barren repetition of the wearily familiar ding-dong battle between Communists and anti-Communists;

(2) Denunciation and mutual recrimination were substituted for informed discussion;

(3) The really significant disagreements between the Bevanites and other Left-wingers *in the Labour Party* on the one hand, and the Chancellor and his supporters on the other, were only rarely touched upon, and with two exceptions did not form the basis of important debates.

The Bevanite position was openly attacked by Mr. Roberts in his presidential address without evoking any particular response from the delegates. Later in the week the Medical Practitioners Union moved a resolution condemning the charges on dentures and spectacles. On a show of hands this resolution was carried by a majority of two-thirds, against the urgent advice of the General Council, who had put up one of their ablest spokesmen. Then a card vote was called for and the resolution was very narrowly defeated. On that issue, truly representing one aspect of their policy, the Bevanites were supported by fully one-half of the trade union movement, including in their camp the A.E.U., the N.U.R. and a great many other important unions. That certainly was no defeat.

The resolution condemning German and Japanese rearmament was supported by 2,700,000 votes. Among the unions supporting the resolution were the A.E.U., the N.U.R. and U.S.D.A.W. The U.S.D.A.W. delegation decided first to listen to the debate and then to agree which way to vote; having listened, they polled their delegation and then put on record their opposition to the recreation of the Wehrmacht.

On Franco Spain the T.U.C. Congress expressed its determined hostility by passing *unanimously* a resolution condemning the presence of a Franco ambassador in London.

But the main issue between the Bevanites and the majority of the Cabinet, the disagreement over the *measure* of our rearmament was not properly discussed at all. The composite resolution on rearmament and allied subjects, moved by the Chemical Workers Union, was introduced in an emotional manner, and was based very largely on pacifism and the hope for a better world. That was regarded as unrealistic and impractical; and in the end the resolution was heavily defeated. The really significant and decisive disagreement, as to whether we might ruin ourselves and defeat our own ends by deciding upon too large a measure of rearmament, coupled with a barren and negative foreign policy, was only lightly touched upon,

and, most important, *was never put to the vote.*

Here a speech made by Mr. Willis, himself a member of the General Council, was most significant. After a vigorous attack on the Communists and their foreign policy, Mr. Willis turned to the degree of our rearmament and expressed serious doubt as to whether we were following the correct policy in that respect. In many delegations that same doubt was freely expressed, and a considerable number of delegates who support the Bevanite position on rearmament and foreign policy deplored the absence of any opportunity to put their view on record in an unmistakable manner.

When they turned to domestic problems, the vast majority of delegates voiced their criticism of the results of the Chancellor's policy, either in the delegation meetings or on the rostrum. Here again the sentiment of representative trade union opinion and the critical analysis supplied by the Bevanites moved in the same direction.

I do not write as one who is in complete agreement with the position of the Bevanite Group; but I think it is important that the events of Blackpool should be carefully examined. The most important lessons for Scarborough could, perhaps, be summed up in these two propositions:

(1) Resolutions must be so selected and composite resolutions so arranged that proper and clear debate on the real issues can be freely conducted.

(2) The disagreements must be treated on all sides as honest conflicts of opinion in the Movement, conducted by people who have an equal right to suggest the best policy to be followed; that means that factual discussion and sober analysis must take the place of denunciation and recrimination.

383 Fulwood Road, J. MENDELSON
Sheffield, 10.

THE FEAR NEUROSIS

SIR,—"Physician, heal thyself," would seem to be the moral of Dr. Comfort's letter. I can't explain it in his own terms of "psycho-pathology," but it might surely have occurred to the writer himself that his analysis of American policy was open to the same charge of being an outpouring of his "unconscious" as he accuses this policy of being. A medical man who uses psychological jargon is surely under some obligation to substantiate what are presumably the symptoms on which he bases his diagnosis.

Dr. Alex Comfort is not only a doctor, but he is also a writer, so presumably he accepts some responsibility for the language he uses. But what on earth does he mean by sentences like "Paranoia is contagious. When a man of Eisenhower's calibre can talk of a crusade against Communism with atom bombs as a practicable reality, we begin to realise how contagious." When did Eisenhower talk in this way? Or does Dr. Comfort mean that Eisenhower said something about a crusade against Communism without talking about atom bombs at all, and talking, indeed, of defence and not attack? One may think that rearmament is a mistaken policy, but does a hysterical interpretation of some statement by Eisenhower help the situation? What, again, is "the disproportionate savagery of the methods of war which the Pentagon advocates"? When, indeed, has the Pentagon "advocated" war, and when has it "advocated" disproportionate savagery?

Of course, at the back of Dr. Comfort's psychiatric mumbo-jumbo there is just an ordinary Communist interpretation of American policy—with the responsibility for such an attitude exorcised by the mumbo-jumbo, which puts Dr. Comfort, to his own satisfaction, in the position of being the sane man in an insane world. It is not the attack by the Northern Koreans, but "Syngman Rhee" who has "exaggerated the position" of the "mental patients" who direct American policy. In his own advocacy of peace, Dr. Comfort uses violent language, and in his attack on gibberish, he talks the peculiar kind of self-righteous gibberish used by those who consider themselves the healers and not the patients. But perhaps the good healer is one who suspects his own motives as well as those of others.

Of course, there is a serious danger of America, having been forced into rearmament, not being able to withdraw from a position of great strength, just as there is a serious danger of Russia even if she wished to do so, not being able to persuade the rest of the world that she has changed her policy. America suffers from the abuses of freedom by a completely unrestrained press, Russia suffers from having no free press. These two extremes are very unfortunate in their result of shaking the confidence of the outside world in statements emanating from either of these nations. But it is surely still possible to analyse the situation in sane language without accusing the framers of the Marshall Plan of being "mental patients." Since the war, the United States has done more to help the civilisation of the Western nations than any country in the whole of history. It should be possible even for scientists to discuss her, if not politically, at least politely.

Torri del Barrio. STEPHEN SPENDER

HOW TO CHEAPEN HOUSES

SIR,—From Mr. Munro's rumination on my view that a desirable way of cheapening the resale price of pre-war houses is to control them, comes this wodge of thought: it is technically impossible to control the prices, and anyhow, it isn't worth doing so because they are inflated by the corresponding rise in building costs, and anyhow, Mr. Bevan didn't want to help those who could afford to buy houses, and anyhow, a Labour M.P. shouldn't sympathise with the difficulties of "prospective property owners."

To prove that control is "certainly not possible," Mr. Munro quotes Paragraph 26 of the Morris Report which says that the longer it is delayed, the more *difficult* does valuation (and therefore control) become. It is, of course, for that technical reason, among others, that I urged prompt measures of control to bring down the price of pre-war houses whose inflation is far greater than the relative rise in building costs. Indeed, I can hardly believe that Mr. Munro, who writes with so much professional dogmatism, can be unaware that building costs have been held down by a variety of controls to which the price of pre-war houses, determined by their scarcity value, have not been subject.

As for my concern with the troubles of those who want a home and seek to buy a house, Mr. Munro should know that, as a Socialist, I am naturally in favour of a property-owning democracy in which everyone spends his money as he pleases but where no one extorts from another an excessive payment for the satisfaction of a vital need.

House of Commons. MAURICE EDELMAN

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—Mr. R. S. W. Pollard's letter on homosexual offences is a welcome one from several points of view. It raises two very important questions, one of general and the other of particular interest.

It reveals first of all the unfortunate way in which the reports of experts and those dealing every day with such offences seem to be shelved. The work of the B.M.A. and the Magistrates' Association is most valuable to all those in authority and it is not encouraging to them or to anybody else to feel that their work in this regard is being ignored.

The crucial point in Mr. Pollard's letter is, to my mind, this: "The question of homosexuality arouses very strong and irrational feelings in those who deal with it in the courts and too often results in a harsh and vindictive sentence." Mr. Pollard is a lawyer of very considerable experience, and his observations in this connection must carry considerable weight. The attitude of so many magistrates and judges towards the suggestion of psychological treatment in these cases is, to say the least of it, unreasonable and, in not a few instances, dangerous. A welcome move in this direction was provided by the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, whereby courts are empowered to make probation orders under which a defendant is required to submit, in various degrees and under suitable conditions, to treatment for mental disorders.

The attitude of many courts is often this: "It is said that you need psychological treatment. It may

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very well be so; and if so you will receive such treatment in prison." The futility of such a view will be obvious to anyone who considers the purpose of such treatment. Prison conditions make it almost impossible to effect a successful course of treatment. It is no more ridiculous to expect this sort of cure to fail than to expect a delicate surgical operation to succeed in a half-lighted basement kitchen.

1 Hare Court, Temple, E.C.4. MICHAEL SHERRARD

HELFORD RIVER

SIR,—May I congratulate Flavus on his attack on the proposal to make a torpedo range at the mouth of the Helford River? Were it not for the publicity given to this scheme in your columns many people, who like myself both know and love this most beautiful part of Cornwall, would have remained in ignorance until it became too late to protest.

The Helford River, besides a well-loved beauty spot, is a yachting centre and tourist resort, with the Duchy of Cornwall Oyster Fisheries on the river at Port Navas.

Like the rest of Southern England during the war, Falmouth and the surrounding countryside had its share of "invasion" by the armed forces and much damage was caused under the auspices of the War Department. This admittedly took place in time of National Emergency, but in some cases nothing has been done to remove the ugly signs of broken-down hedges, pillboxes, concreted beaches and iron piers left to moulder and rust in the sea. If these legacies of the war years are an indication of the care taken of the land by service departments I feel that most strenuous efforts should be made to oppose this monstrous and philistine scheme.

JANET M. ARNOLD

43 Crown Lane Gardens, S.W.16.

COMMON CHILD

SIR,—Mr. Crossman's article attracted attention by discussing Secondary Education on a basis of reality instead of fantasy and prejudice.

Thirteen years as a classics teacher in our State schools have convinced me that many of the boys with the best intellects are not the sort who will ever make leaders and that many of the boys who are natural leaders have not the best intellects. (I cannot equate character and intellect so nearly as Mr. Morley in his recent letter, and good looks even less.) There isn't time both for leadership and concentrated learning. They give different sorts of satisfaction. The person who combines the two is a very rare individual.

The problem is not as Mr. Morley states it; it is this: The amount of money spent on education is strictly limited; therefore it is impossible so to organise education so as to give the best advantage both to the brilliant children and also to the average children who are the majority. Which are to have priority? The Comprehensive School will certainly remove the best advantage from the most brilliant children (to hold otherwise is sentimental, to put it kindly) and ensure mediocrity.

Children at really good Grammar schools ("separate" schools, certainly, but why "divorced from the rest of the community"?) have as much chance as any of knowing something of the emotions and outlook of other people.

Highgate, N.6. J. H. PADEL

FLEET STREET FORUM

SIR,—We were pleased to see reference by Flavus to the Fleet Street Forum in your issue of September 8, and appreciate your sympathetic attitude. We feel that it should be stressed that in the words of the Forum's constitution the idea has grown out of journalists' concern "at the drift to war and believing that journalists have a special responsibility to try to arrest it." Flavus referred to the fact that it seems a little difficult in the absence of a Press Council to see what the Forum can do that has not already been done by the National Union of Journalists. Our constitution, however, points out that "we seek to establish contacts and regular exchanges of information with like-minded journalists in the United States and elsewhere." This we believe to be a function which the Forum would find easier to perform than some of the other professional organizations.

Any working journalists, including freelances and radio and film writers, who are interested in our aims, are welcome to attend our first open meeting at the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, on September 26 at 7 p.m.

RITCHIE CALDER, HANNEN SWAFFER, TED CASTLE, DOUGLAS WARTH, TOM DRIBERG, JAMES CAMERON, PRESTON BENSON

113 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4

GRAPHIC DESIGN

SIR,—Mr. Michael Swan's review of the *Art of the Book* prompts me to make a plea which I have felt for some time should be made.

Is it not possible for journals, which, like your own, devote a considerable proportion of their space to the arts in general, to pay some regular attention to graphic design? I realise that the shortage of paper makes further demands on space unwelcome but it would be a start to have an article every now and then on book illustration. Also the choice of people to review illustrated books who have some interest in illustration would help. Mr. Robert Gibbings recent book, for instance, was reviewed by two prominent weeklies without any mention of the illustrations.

Perhaps, too, book reviewers could mention sometimes whether the jacket is good (or bad) and why.

Owing to present publishing conditions, illustrators to-day are facing a bleak period, and I feel that the effort to arouse public interest in what is, after all, a vital and living form of art would not be wasted.

The reviewing of commercial and advertising art might, I realise, raise certain difficulties, but even so why not "Round the Hoardings" just as well as "Round the Galleries."

It may well be that posterity will decide that the main contribution our age has made to art has been in the field of Graphic design. Is it therefore unreasonable to ask that it should be given a fair share of critical attention? DERRICK HARRIS

London, N.W.3.

MARX AND DE TOCQUEVILLE

SIR,—A. J. P. Taylor and Anglo-French Literary Services are surely wrong in coupling "Democracy in America" with "Capital" as the two most important political works of the nineteenth century, and there seems no reason, apart from donnish whimsicality, for juxtaposing Marx and de Tocqueville at all. For one thing, one-third of the human race are not, so far as can be seen, governed in accordance with de Tocqueville's teachings, and while it is true that Liberal Democracy remains one of the vital schools of political thought, it is to J. S. Mill, or even to T. H. Green, that Liberals of all shades look for inspiration.

De Tocqueville did an important and necessary job in stressing the continuity of French institutions before and after the Revolution. He understood, as Mr. Taylor rightly points out, little of the political and nothing of the material roots of American democracy. Marx, on the other hand, as emerges clearly from his 1861-2 articles in the *New York Daily Tribune* and the Vienna *Presse* had remarkably clear insight into both.

There is, finally, an almost professional perversity in Mr. Taylor's remark that "What Tocqueville called the majority, Marx called the proletariat." Marx placed such emphasis on differentiating the "proletariat" from the "people" or "majority" that it is hard to see how anyone who (like Mr. Taylor) has read Marx at all can get it wrong. Marx saw as the decisive lever of social change the industrial proletariat whose status in society made it the most effective and the only consistent opponent of Capitalism—made it the hard core around which the "people" would eventually mobilise. The revolutionary role of modern industry and of its special creation, the industrial proletariat, in destroying the basis of class society was not known to de Tocqueville. That is why, unlike Marx, he has little to say to the twentieth century. HENRY COLLINS

The Lea, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent.

"NOWHERE"

SIR,—To at least one ignoramus on the subject of roadhouses Mr. Braine's article, "Nowhere," made fascinating reading. It bears the hallmark of a sociological classic in miniature. This letter, therefore, is written for the benefit of the editors of A.D. 2051, who will undoubtedly wish to reprint it.

The repeated use of the dividing line "under a thousand a year" beyond which lies the land of "cigars, whisky . . . the right kind of shirts and tweeds . . . Jaguars, Alvises, Humbers . . . expensive flats" suggests that the "independent State founded on paper money" has effected a successful revaluation. This really is news from nowhere!

Hence the advice to the editors of 2051, coming from a youngish but otherwise probably typical motor car-less £1,400 a year man, dressing mainly at Marks and Spencers (a salary of that order being quite adequately absorbed by food, rent, income tax, moderate school fee, etc.), boils down to:

"*Footnote:* The author, though an astute observer of detail, was evidently out of touch with the price level of the welfare-cum-warfare state. For 'under a thousand' read 'under two thousand five-hundred.'"

London, S.W.19. A.M.I.MECH.E.

CALCULATED RISK

SIR,—Reviewing *Calculated Risk* by General Mark Clark, in your issue of August 4, Mr. Crossman says: "A tough fighting general and a Catholic, General Clark found Brazilians, Frenchmen and Spaniards more to his taste than the Limies. . . ."

Since General Clark's "Catholicism" is set forth as an unqualified fact, and used as the basis for his alleged predilections, I have to point out that he is actually (and definitely) a Protestant.

George Harrap, 182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1 LAURENCE COTTERELL, *Publicity Manager*

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Books in General

It seems to be true that the love affair is not a subject which, for its own sake, can engage the exclusive interest of the English novelist. We have little or nothing in our literature to compare with books like *Adolphe* or *Dominique*, with Daudet's *Sappho* or Colette's *Chéri*, or with a novel like Svevo's *When a Man Grows Older*. I do not think our abstinence is entirely due to the puritan tradition and, in any case, many contemporary writers who are free from this tradition have attempted the subject and yet have failed to convey immersion in it. The inability to transplant this admired continental genre arises, I think, from a permanent habit of mind. There is a tacit refusal to abstract or isolate a subject or to work within severe limits. The love affair, with us, is regarded as a chance to illustrate something more than itself: to lead to some kind of action, to cause manifestoes (D. H. Lawrence), to make religious, social or satirical pronouncements, to provide opportunity for our special taste in the comic, the romantic and the bizarre. It appears to be impossible for the English writer to treat love as an idea in itself, to confine himself to the meteorology of the emotion, to believe that it can be thought of as a climate in itself to which every other consideration must be, for the time being, subservient; for departmentalisation is a method which a northerner is bound to resist; a native instinct warns him that he could learn more than it is good for him to know. He could learn, for example, final fatalism and acceptance; whereas the last card the northerner always relies on is something very different: it is action, eccentricity, extravagance, even personal tastelessness and the absurd. There is an ageing English cocotte in Daudet's *Sappho* whose case illustrates the point. Where her French companions have compounded with their fate and have turned into tyrants, back-biters or melancholy alcoholics, the Englishwoman rails at the *injustice* of being rejected by a lover because her face is ugly while her body is still beautiful. Something ought to be *done* about it! It is enough to drive one, she says—vulgarly undoing her dress—to walking naked in the street; it is a pity that convention prevents one from doing that. The awful probability—we reflect—is, that one of these days, the sense of injustice will in fact drive her to just this exhibition, and one more English eccentric, lonely, hard-bitten, naive and unassuaged, will be born.

For the English reader Daudet's *Sappho* is an easy introduction to the genre. It is not too abstract, nor too exacting, and it is a story brimming and sparkling with Daudet's invention. "Fineness" was above all Daudet's quality—it was he who rebuked Henry James for living among people who were "*moins fins*" than himself. But, as Mr. Hodge says in his introduction to this new edition*, we admire not the invention alone, but the grace with which Daudet's powers are used and the ease with which he passes from comedy through irony to tragedy. Perhaps tragedy is too strong a word for a writer who strikes one as being a weather prophet of the climate of passion rather than a native and victim of it, but it is true that Daudet moves as quickly as the mood itself. He is one of the magicians of the surface of life, one of the masters of the moments of the heart. He has also a genius for selecting the small Dickensian *milieux* of petit bourgeois society: the absurd picnic, the vulgar boating party, the boarding house where the droll boarders are more respectable than the retired demi-mandarins who run it, the holiday shack on the outskirts of Paris, the gay and idiotic fancy dress "do." Yet all these distractions are here to extend our knowledge of the love affair which is the only subject of the tale, to establish not only the changes it goes through in the course of five years, but how these are conditioned by something we hardly ever see mentioned in English fiction: the kind of love affair it is.

Sappho, or rather Fanny Legrand, is the Bohemian mistress, the model who is "educated" by a number of distinguished lovers who have been artists or writers, who has the reputation of being a clinger, but who does not expect to marry. She is given many of the bourgeois virtues, she is gay, kind, intelligent; but she is sexually accomplished and, therefore, she is a damned soul. When she takes up with Jean Gaussin, she has quietened a little, she has lost her first youth, and he is the first lover to be a great deal younger than herself. In a rather alarmingly cosy state of mind, she prepares for a peaceful, if temporary, liaison, until the time comes for him to pass into the Quai d'Orsay, marry and go abroad. We must allow here for the conventions of Daudet's period. Since this is an irregular union its nature must be lust; Daudet's philosophy is that of "the romantic agony" reduced to the prosaic; love is known only in marriage to a girl of one's own class. Sexual talent will move inevitably to jealousy about previous lovers; and, after the first quarrels, from physical modesty to unbounded physical indulgence and perversion. The greater the physical pleasure, the less respect for the person; the body infects the soul. Here, the confused reader may well blink and wonder if he is not reading Tolstoy's account of regular conjugal love in *The Kreutzer Sonata*. But the acceptance of a convention does not, in any way, injure Daudet's practical sensibility to every moment of the affair, or the subtlety of his psychological judgments. Jean Gaussin is a more homely version of Adolphe. He is less of a moralist and more the fearing, bewildered, entangled young man at the mercy of his youthful generosity, his hatred of scenes and his dislike of causing pain. Fanny's desire to hold him begins when he changes from an impulsive youth into a guilty, worried and complicated young man like the rest. She loves and he does not, and guilt as usual takes on the clothes of jealousy. Within a few months his jealousy has become the real bond between them, for it releases their unreasonableness. From that moment he has the right to suffer and accuse and she has the right to let fly all she has learned in her life. She can become a slut, a howling termagant, screaming out obscenities and then collapsing into remorse. There is an excellent scene—which Mr. Hodge rightly points to—in which Jean obliges her to burn all the letters she has kept from her previous lovers. But with the desire of jealousy to add to its own tortures, he insists on reading each one before it is thrown into the fire, and interrogating her line by line. Her reticence pleases him no more than her candour. There is such a letter-burning that night, that the chimney catches fire, the fire brigade is called, and the wretched lovers find their misery turned into farce, only to be turned into the ferocity of reconciliation. But they have gone too far, and temporarily the lovers part.

Daudet shows wonderful skill in this story, by pausing to take breath before each stage of the affair. In these pauses lies the happiness of the lovers. What is their happiness? Daudet has a natural and continuous love of the detail of life and he does not find it impossible to describe happiness nor is he embarrassed in the description of desire. His method is, so to say, to filter the longing and the physical passion of his characters through the commonest events of their life. The love is in the eating, the shopping, the furnishing, the sitting apart in a room, the looking out of the window into the noisy streets by the Gare de l'Est, as well as in the scattered clothes of the bedroom. It is an obsession with things; it has enslaved all the senses. When Jean leaves Fanny to visit his parents in Provence and hopes that the sight of the good life will appease and cure him, Daudet writes with simple truth:

> The seductive image of her loomed before him whenever he went out; it walked with him, it echoed in the sound of his steps on the wide, lofty staircase. It was to the rhythm of Sappho's name that the pendulum of the old grandfather clock swung to and fro, her name that the mind whispered in the big stone-paved, chilly passages of this summer dwelling, her name that he found in all the books he opened in his country house library, old worn volumes with red edges and binding out of which crumbs fell, crumbs he had dropped there as a child nibbling cake. And her obsessive memory pursued him even into his mother's bedroom, where Divonne was doing the sick woman's hair, drawing the beautiful white tresses back from a face that was still rosy and peaceful in expression in spite of the unceasing pain that racked all parts of her body.
>
> "Ah, here is our Jean," his mother would say.
>
> But with her neck bare, her little coif, her sleeves turned up to do those things that only she could do for the invalid, his Aunt reminded him of other awakenings, other mornings, called to his mind yet once again how his mistress used to spring out of bed in a cloud of smoke from her first cigarette.

Daudet is the master of the inner juxtapositions of love, as he is also of life's devilish yet apparently innocent supply of warning or ironical contrasts. There is Dechelette, Jean's idea of what a cool-headed lover ought to be, who suddenly loses his head over a mere chit. Dechelette has left dozens of women, knows the art of separating—but this time he blunders. The chit throws herself out of his window. Then there is the grotesque example of the bourgeois Hettémas. Amorous, gluttonous, lazy, sordid, endlessly amiable, continually eating and drinking, the Hettémas are the picture of bovine happiness. But that is the awful thing: the good, gross, motherly woman is a reformed prostitute

* *Sappho*. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Ethne Wilkins. *Hamish Hamilton*. 6s.

and Hettémas is a fool. He does one brilliant thing, however. Tired of the quarrels of Jean and Fanny he buys a trumpet to drown the noise. At Rosa's pension—Rosa is a cocotte who has retired from the circus—where Fanny goes to help during one of the breaks in the affair with Jean, there is the same sort of disturbing insinuation in the comedy. Fanny is being pure and respectable; but it soon occurs to Jean that Fanny is not called Sappho for nothing and he notes her dread of the old courtesan. Not only that, he sees in Rosa's elderly lover who cannot escape from her, though he hates her, a glimpse of his own future. The end of the book is tremendous. For when at last Jean steels himself for the appalling scene he dreads so much and goes through with it, he enters into a false freedom. Daudet has the rare capacity to describe grief and loss, and it is a master stroke that Jean goes back when he hears that an old lover of Fanny's has returned. Jean strikes her in his rage and it is her triumph; he loves her at last. The time for her to break with him has come.

How cleverly Daudet turns the struggles of pride, of wills, of jealousies, of vanities, into life; how continually he converts insight into incident, and how astonishingly—and a moved and alert astonishment is the continual feeling we have in the book—he frees his people from the oppression of his own criticisms of their passion. If Fanny is such a disastrous woman, how delightful she is made to appear; the tricks and cheapness and slyness in her, are part of her attraction; her honesty is complete and one is satisfied by a complete portrait and one that has not been marred by "good trouper" sentiment or by the rather turgid melancholy which French romantic guilt was inclined to apply thickly to the demi-monde. Here, indeed, is Baudelaire without tears. If Daudet is apt to settle the difference between love and lust rather too neatly, his sense of physical love was not accompanied by the automatic disgust, which many novelists have taken out as a kind of insurance policy. He is warm and disinterested in his candour and gaiety, he bows—the accomplished anecdotalist—to life alone. He is one of the small, fine superficial masters whose touch is quick and perfect within the undisturbing limits in which they work.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE TOWER

Pile upon pile of thought he drove
Into the sobbing bog below,
While others on the shaking raft
Of laughter travelled to and fro;
Light after light of love sailed by
His single and unseeing eye.

Coldly he willed and slowly strove
To build the lean and winding stair,
While, wide and high, the idle drove
Swung on hyperboles of air;
In hoops of happiness they curled
Bat-like about his darkening world.

Whose was the hand that laid the pyre?
What was the foot that fled the stair?
Look how the jarring tongues of fire
Roll out and glory-hole the air:
From the charred arches of his brain
The golden girders fall like rain
Upon the unforgiving plain.

W. R. RODGERS

THE OXFORD HISTORY

From Domesday Book to Magna Carta 1087-1216. By A. L. POOLE. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

Domesday Book is a record of ruthless spoliation by the conquerors and an enduring monument to the efficiency of the Norman monarchy. Magna Carta is a political programme designed to regulate the government and reconcile the interests of a highly complex society. During the few generations which separate these documents a society of rapacious adventurers and depressed peasants was transformed by economic improvements in technique and management, exposed to the influences of Arabic science, Greek philosophy and Roman law, and drawn into a military and political system exercising its power in an area extending from Norway to the Pyrenees and from Ireland to Palestine. Not until the sixteenth century was England again to increase its economic, social and intellectual capital so rapidly. Yet control of so vigorous a society was always precarious, and in the middle of this period it seemed that the opportunities would be lost. In England civil war, depredations by the Welsh and Scotch and famines followed thirty years of order and growth under Henry I; in a disordered Western Europe St. Bernard devoted the energies of a fanatic to organising the suppression of rational inquiry and the fiasco of the Second Crusade. Yet under Henry II and his sons the pace of economic progress, legal reform, the pursuit of knowledge and military aggrandisement was resumed and quickened with energy and even exuberance.

The problems of interpreting the difficult evidence for this period have often been evaded by using the simple myths of feudalism, manorialism and the spirit of the age, or have been blurred by prejudice and acrimonious controversy. Dr. Poole in this newest addition to the Oxford History does not complain of the difficulties confronting anyone commissioned to write a general history of this period, and in his scholarly, unsentimental and detached volume he has overcome many of them. His familiarity with the evidence enables him to accumulate specific instances instead of misleading generalisations. Dr. Poole is firm and sensible in assessing the work of specialists; and his knowledge of European history and continental scholarship enables him to give a particularly lucid account of the course of foreign policy. His sympathies are not easily engaged. Becket was "a vain, obstinate and ambitious man who sought always to keep himself in the public eye," and the monks "litigious capitalists who thought little of forging documents to protect their interests and property." He does not find the lay rulers much more congenial. Rufus was "cynical, vain, capricious, ill-tempered"; Henry I "grasping, cruel and avaricious"; and if John's government was tyrannical his baronial opponents "once in power revealed the pettiness and arrogance common in men placed in positions beyond their capacity and deserts." This astringency is in agreeable contrast to the sentimental tone of much that has been written on the period; and Dr. Poole has weighed the evidence before making his judgments.

But if the mists have been cleared away so too have many of the interesting problems. The plan of the Oxford History of England is intended to provide for a balanced treatment of the economic, social and cultural aspects, as well as the political and constitutional. Dr. Poole has chosen to separate these aspects. Six out of fourteen chapters are devoted to government and society, rural conditions, towns and trade, learning, literature and art, the Celtic fringe, and justice and finance, each ranging over the whole period. Two chapters deal with the relations of church and state; and the narrative chapters are dominated by the account of foreign policy. This plan allows a great many facts to be given with admirable economy, but it also prevents a great many questions from being asked. What was the distribution of political power under Henry I and how was it altered by the civil war under Stephen? What were the social and political consequences of the growth of credit? What were the nature and consequences of the ambitious measures of war economy devised by Hubert Walter in the reigns of Richard and John? Dr. Poole supplies some of the evidence for answering these and other general questions, but he does not encourage the reader to ask them. Much has been expected of the Oxford History, for its general plan appears to recognise that political history told without reference to economic, social and intellectual factors is as unsatisfactory as constitutional history which ignores the issues of politics and the arts of management. Yet nothing is gained if the greater mass of information is presented without revealing the complex play of cause and effect; and much is lost by abandoning a chronological sequence.

In his fourth chapter Dr. Poole tells us that in 1124 there was a Norman rebellion and a plan for a concerted Anglo-German attack upon France; in his twelfth chapter, discussing justice, he cites a chronicle entry for the same year recording the hanging of forty-four thieves by a royal justice, and the unusual oppression and discontent; and in the section on finance we are told of the gross deterioration of the currency in this same year. Were then the war expenditure, depreciation of the currency, discontent and repression connected? Does any other evidence allow us to explore this particular problem and the general problem of the social and political consequences of war in the period? The reader is left to speculate. Sometimes the desire to compress has led Dr. Poole to omit technical discussion of the evidence where it would have been prudent. The earliest general statistics of England's foreign trade are likely to excite interest, and it is unfortunate that the table purporting to show the volume of trade at the eastern and southern ports early in John's reign should be set out without the proper warnings and qualifications.

Dr. Poole refers with justice to the intellectual revolution of the twelfth century, but gives little more than a list of writers and works and does not investigate the relations between the growth of knowledge and of power, between the conflicts of ideas and those of interests and personalities. The study of mathematics and Roman law contributed powerfully to the development of the institutions of the Angevin state; Geoffrey of Monmouth's combination of history, myth and romance strengthened movements of territorial expansion; Gerald of Wales described the colonial enterprise and denounced the absolutism and corruption of Angevin rule; and both John and his opponents appealed to history in their propaganda. When Henry II's treasurer wrote his account of public finance he gave a very clear account in the difficult literary form of a dialogue, and used logic, history and classical allusions to satisfy the intellectual curiosity and humane tastes of his readers. Twelfth-century England was more interesting and less repugnant than Dr. Poole's dispassionate pages suggest; but we can be grateful to him for a valuable work of reference, shrewd, compact and without nonsense.

J. O. PRESTWICH

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BOTH BOOKS PUBLISHED TODAY

TURNSTILE PRESS

the contagious stoicism of quiet suburbanites and Britain-can-take-it and dragging old Jones's missis and kids out of the rubble, are measurable affairs because they happened just this side of the line that marks the limit of human endurance. Just beyond it lies a sheer drop through the ages, back to the mindless individualism of the scurrying beetle. The eight Nagasaki survivors who tell the stories in this book, all Roman Catholics and three of them children, have seen what happens when the line is crossed; and yet their painfully quiet stories, beautifully translated by Mr. Ichiro Schirato and Mr. Herbert Silverman and arranged by Dr. Nagai as a concerted narrative, can but reinforce the growing belief that war has not yet become so horrible that mankind will renounce it. You would not expect to put the book down in that frame of mind, for to do so is to impugn the sanity of the whole human race. But it is inescapable; we know now what atom bombs can do to people's bodies and homes, Dr. Nagai has shown us what they can do to people's souls, but atom bombs are being made at feverish speed. War is not bad enough yet, either on the vast impersonal scale of mass homicide or on that of wilful personal cruelties.

Within the latter scale Dr. Robert Collis has written a book which, given his special experience, he was bound to write. After the Allied troops over-ran Belsen, he was given charge of the children found alive in the camp. Two of them, a Hungarian Slovak brother and sister orphaned by the gas-ovens, he took back to Ireland and adopted. *The Ultimate Value* is their story, reconstructed from their own horrifying recollections and from Dr. Collis's later conversations with their relatives. They have been restored to mental and bodily health from a condition in which Eva, the girl, playing in Dr. Collis's farmhouse in the Wicklow mountains,

> took all her dolls, of which she has a great number, and laid them out in rows upon their backs, spreading a handkerchief over the face of each. When asked why she acted thus, she replied "Because they are dead——"

and in which Laszlo, the boy, became under Dr. Collis's care one of the first few children in the world to have streptomycin treatment for tuberculous meningitis. Dr. Collis's narration is simple and down-to-earth, avoiding the psychiatric mysteries (these are given in an appendix by another medico, and I found it unreadable), restraining all emotion except, in the opening pages, a certain sentimentality of expression about children and animals, and making a document which it is only just bearable to read.

Among the many books now coming out to haunt the conscience of our generation, so many of which we are told it is our duty to read, these two have a shared quality of luminous simplicity. There are too many voices telling us our duties. I would recommend both these books as a maturing experience.

C. H. ROLPH

BY CONSCIOUS ART AND NATURAL EASE

Winged Chariot. By WALTER DE LA MARE. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Creation. By JAMES KIRKUP. *Lotus Press.* 3*s.*

The Submerged Village. By JAMES KIRKUP. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The reviewer of verse—he is not a critic—is apt to flatter or humble himself by saying how firmly he keeps his feet on the ground. It is not the point. Whatever you expect poetry to do for you, and whichever kind of verse ("modern" or something else) you believe will do this best, you should still take notice of the sort the children like called enchanted or magical. This is the sort that Mr. de la Mare is supposed to write.

Winged Chariot is a long poem about Time. All the English literary ideas on the subject are here, as well as Mr. de la Mare's digressions: it is a great advantage in a field like this that he does not try to gather it all up into grave and splendid-sounding conclusions. But a long poem gets its unity from plot or myth or system; mere subject-matter or formal consistency is not enough. If *Winged Chariot* comes off as a long poem, instead of a series of connected meditations, it is because of the utterly consistent personality behind the verse. It is close-grained verse of great strength and imagination by a wise and amused man with a calm and not in the least complacent mind. Mr. de la Mare has never allowed the ordinary devilments to meddle with his poetry. Instead, he conveys an impression of a state of balance (a dignity, an openness, a pagan resignation) that few people attain. It is a condition of loss expressed without any of the resentfulness and feeling of thwarted privilege that cankers the work of many of the young men who would like to write like him. At the age of 78 he is able to look ahead without prevarication or self-deceit and back with fair pleasure and a sense of good luck enjoyed and not too painfully missed.

> Could fancy alone in this old thick-walled house,
> When nothing stirs, not even a wainscot mouse,
> Thus haunt mere matter with the ominous?
> And these misgivings rouse?
>
> Midnight beyond that shutter broods. The rain
> Its lully whispers in the towering Plane
> Whose presence canopies my complete domain—

People often worry about his poeticalities, and the literariness of his ideas and images. This is probably a passing quarrel: Mr. de la Mare is not an up-to-date poet: to read him we need to take a holiday from our ill-natured dogmas. It is fair to complain about minor points, for instance, the way he sometimes puts italics when the word already contains the emphasis he wants—an unrespecting use of language. But you cannot condescend to Mr. de la Mare in matters of technique: he has been one of the most skilful and conscious verse-writers in English for fifty years. You remember the story of how pleased he was when Robert Graves remarked how hard he must have worked at his *All That's Past*, and how wryly he confessed his disappointment with the famous line, "Roves back the rose." Most people consider this very beautiful, but he was thinking about the chiming assonance that he had to leave in because he could not find a strong enough synonym for "roves."

Reading contemporary poets in bulk one gets the feeling from time to time that really they are no better than one another: it is the Zeitgeist, in its various uniforms, that writes the poems. From this condition I was rescued by Mr. Kirkup's two books. *The Creation* (a single poem) is a slippery and complicated joke on that solemn theme: it is in very good taste and not meant to be at all funny. *The Submerged Village* is the most promising collection by a younger poet since Mr. W. S. Graham's *The White Threshold*.

Mr. Kirkup is a Romantic poet: that is, he insists that every man's life is a long mistake, a journey away from lost beginnings. We may get occasional lucky inklings of what might have been, but there is nothing we can do about it now except lament, so if we can we had better keep our senses and our wits for the world as it is. Mr. Kirkup's poems are made up of these impressions and reflections, but often he does not seem to have any clear opinion about his subject that would serve as a centre for the poem. In the not so good poems this produces an appearance of fuss; in the good ones, a sense of slightness. If a poem begins at the language end, which is frequent and reasonable, the writer must always face the appalling difficulty of finishing it without letting down either the conception or the opening lines.

The best verse in *The Submerged Village* is written out of Mr. Kirkup's notion of the islanded nature of the poet to-day: they are despairing poems: this disaster-feeling, without the grace and sovereign balm of irony, is a prominent feature of contemporary poetry. Such a direct expression of doom should probably be kept out of verse; it is tactless and it often finds absurdly trivial occasions. All the same the result in *A Company of Fools* or *The Last Man* or the striking title poem is very impressive:

> Calm, the surrounding mountains look upon
> the steeple's golden cross, that still
> emerges from the centre of the rising lake.
> Like a sinking raft's bare mast and spar,
> anchored to earth by chains of stone and the unbreaking
> ropes of death, it stands alone, becalmed.
> No other evidences now remain
> of what was once a village in the plain.

Mr. Kirkup has a remarkable ear: a sign of his achieved self-assurance is his small use of assonance and the fine confident casualness of his rhyme. The greatest promise of his talent lies perhaps in the wit and reserve of poems like *Ursa Major* and *Better Sight without Glasses*:

> Let us begin to walk again with courage on the ground
> inclined to disappearance. . . .
> . . . Remembering the masters and the vision in their deeds,
> in seeing better, see not the heavens worse.

The title up at the top I put for Mr. de la Mare: it is a compliment paid him by Mr. Eliot; in a much more modest way it does for Mr. Kirkup too.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW DIRECTIONS

The Prospect Before Us. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

The New Society. By PETER F. DRUCKER. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The literature of the great retreat from the Left-wing views of the Thirties could already fill quite a respectable library, but new volumes are still being added. Of the latest contributions to this literature, that of Mr. Dos Passos must surely rank as among the oddest. From a mere reading of *The Prospect Before Us* it would be difficult even to guess that Mr. Dos Passos had once been the penetrating literary reporter of the

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nineteen-twenties, that his name had often featured prominently among American signatures to Left-wing manifestos, and that for some time he had also enjoyed an outstanding reputation in Soviet literary circles where as late as 1932–33 there was much fierce argument whether the works of "Proust, Joyce and Dos Passos" should or should not be consigned to the flames (to which, of course, they were in the end consigned).

There are few signs of this past in *The Prospect Before Us*. In his introduction Mr. Dos Passos explains that he has by to-day travelled far from the superficial Leftism of Greenwich Village, and he tries to make plain what he no longer believes. For example, on the evidence of Britain under Labour and even more of the Soviet Union, he no longer believes than a mere transfer from capitalism to Socialism can change the harsh hierarchical structure of society. On the evidence of *The Prospect Before Us*, however, it is hard to say what Mr. Dos Passos *does* believe in to-day. The book is rather artificially rigged into the shape of a series of lectures—with question-time—in which a chatty lecturer describes his post-war tours through Britain, South America and the United States. It is not easy to make out whether Mr. Dos Passos considers American democracy of to-day to be on the right road or not, but his account of Britain under the Labour Government is of a superficiality that is positively startling. Socialism in Britain, so lecturer Dos Passos explains, has accomplished nothing beyond the freezing of a bankrupt capitalist economy; the spirit of British individualism is being crushed under a great weight of Government regulations; British farmers are too busy filling in forms to grow sufficient food; post-war direction of labour was already depriving British workers of real freedom. And so on: perhaps the kindest comment about *The Prospect Before Us* is to refer younger readers back to Mr. Dos Passos' earlier books.

Mr. Drucker's attempt to find new terms of reference for the politics of to-day deserves to be taken rather more seriously. He is a German-American publicist who came into prominence shortly before the war with a journalistic analysis of European totalitarianism under the dramatic (and self-explanatory) title *The End of Economic Man*. In *The New Society* Mr. Drucker has shifted his attention to the American scene of to-day. He claims—and one may well agree with him—that by to-day, without being as yet fully aware of the change, we are already living in a "New Society" strikingly different from that of a generation or two ago. This society has been shaped by the second industrial revolution, which originated in the United States of Henry Ford and which was based on the principle of mass production. As Mr. Drucker sees it, the assembly line of a modern factory is only one aspect of the new mass-production society, whose essence lies in the *highly planned* organisation of vast numbers of people to work together in vast group-efforts which only the leading few at the top can survey as a whole. In the United States the mass-production principle has already spread steadily from the actual factory belt to other aspects of social life. There is mass production in American education; in scientific research, where the day of the individual genius and inventor has apparently passed; or, again, Mr. Drucker instances a magazine corporation like that of *Time-Life-Fortune*, or Hollywood, as carrying the principle of mass production into the worlds of journalism and entertainment.

To Mr. Drucker's eye, this technological revolution of mass production has an air of fascinating irresistibility. He sees it in the capitalist West depriving mere stockholders from control over enterprise; everywhere increasingly divorcing the worker from the product of his work and replacing the specialised skill of the artisan by the general, interchangeable and replaceable skills required by the new techniques. He sees this American revolution of mass production spreading irresistibly into Europe, into Asia, and especially into the Soviet Union, by-passing frontiers and transcending all the "isms"—after all, an outside observer would already find few differences of note between the technical and social organisation of some vast American industrial plant and that of its Soviet counterpart. Jutting high over the landscape of this new society Mr. Drucker sees a dual power-system, namely, on the one hand the state government, concerned with political administration and general welfare, and on the other hand "enterprise," that is, large-scale enterprise, concerned with production and therefore absolutely bound by the laws of economic viability and adequate profit, whether it be American private enterprise, a British nationalised industry or Soviet state enterprise.

All important political questions in Mr. Drucker's new society come down to the relations between these two power-systems, with trade unionism only existing as an uncertain and perhaps ultimately unrequired third force, no more than that. As one reads his dogmatic pages, Mr. Drucker's vision of the new society takes on a quality of almost surrealist unpleasantness of which he himself seems aware. In the second half of his book he suggests mitigations of the society, such as financial planning within each enterprise for stabler employment, the democratic organisation of the social side of factory life, more, much more decentralisation—it is interesting to note that he considers the giant Ford works and the British National Coal Board alike as examples of an overcentralised, oversized form of enterprise, already outdated as compared, say, with the more efficient "federal" structure of General Motors. In this section of the book Mr. Drucker seems to be writing rather unconvincingly as a sort of Public Relations Officer for American Big Industry, and yet, just as in his earlier book, he leaves one with the disturbing feeling that behind all his facile, journalistic generalisations, even behind his sweeping dismissal of the "isms," there is *something* in his thesis of the latest social changes—and that something is not particularly comforting.

T. R. FYVEL

NEW NOVELS

Butterfield 8. By JOHN O'HARA. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

World So Wide. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

World Enough and Time. By ROBERT PENN WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

These three books might well serve as a commentary on the decline of the American novel. Together they represent a sum of virtues and vices—exuberance, authenticity, sharpness of flavour, the will to take on any subject or situation, and brashness, over-simplification, and the false grandiose. The distance in time that separates *Butterfield 8* from *World Enough and Time* does not merely mark the transition from American tragedy to portmanteau-saga. It makes plain the whole difference between adult fiction that acts as a criticism of society, and the literature of inflation.

Looking back, it is hard not to see the period 1920–35 as a golden age in American letters. Maybe it was the new awareness, brought on by the aftermath of war and the Wall Street Depression, maybe it was just something in the Brooklyn air. Whatever the reason, there is a glow and tang about even the ephemeral literature of the period—the *New Yorker*, Hecht and MacCarthy's *Front Page*, a book of *Scribner's* short stories like *Flappers and Philosophers*—that is lacking in the transatlantic scene to-day. Take *Butterfield 8*, for instance. This book (which has waited sixteen years for an English edition), is not a great novel. Written in a mood of despair—the first paragraph pitches a key that is sustained throughout—it lacks a necessary focus-point. The heroine, Gloria Wandrous, fails to stand up as a tragic figure in her own right. She needs a host of supers, businessmen, bar-tenders, relatives, cops and reporters, each with his or her own personal disaster, to lend strength to and underline her situation. Since the book is about New York rather than Zenith or Gibbsville, this is, in a sense, inevitable. Mr. O'Hara, like M. Sartre after him, has always been a great believer in universal involvement. He is here concerned to show us the mechanism of Gloria's tragedy, the chain of circumstances that lead to her taking ether as a schoolgirl, drinking in adolescence, giving herself to every man but the right one, and eventually being sucked under the blades of a Massachusetts steamer. Artistically, the need to portray characters as so many pawns in a cosmic chess problem, is a drawback. It gives the book an irritating disunity that is absent from the author's better known *Appointment in Samarra*. Here Mr. O'Hara's apprenticeship to Scott Fitzgerald served him well. Julian English, descendant of a long line of Fitzgerald heroes, is no pawn in the game. He is content to bear the full horror of Gibbsville, and his personal tragedy, when it comes, is no incident but rather a culminating sacrifice.

Yet, for all its centrifugal machinery, *Butterfield 8* remains a remarkable novel, a fine late flowering of the Prohibition era. Mr. O'Hara is saturated in his period and his book is a perfect distillation of the Sacco and Vanzetti, Lindbergh and Babe Ruth world. He writes from the inside with a Balzacian feeling for social trends and nuances. Few writers have assessed the American scene with such competence.

> . . . Ligett was a Pittsburgher and Emily a Bostonian. That was one thing, not two. Ligett was precisely the sort of person who, if he hadn't married Emily, would be just the sort of person for Emily to snub. All her life she seemed to be saving up for one snub, which would have to be delivered to an upper-class American, since no foreigner, no lower-class American, could possibly understand what she had that she felt entitled her to deliver a snub. What she had was a Colonial Governor; an unbroken string of studious Harvard men; their women. Immediately and her own was, of course, the Winsor-Vincent Sewing Club Circle background. She had a few family connections in New York and they were unassailable socially; they never went out.

Mr. O'Hara shares Balzac's money sense, his zest for trade returns and income figures. When Gloria's uncle gives her 150 dollars for a holiday wardrobe, he tells us just how she spent it; he is not afraid to relate her height to the American pregnancy statistics for the period 1905–1915. His feeling for the material springs of action would seem to make him that rare article, the genuine Marxist novelist. Yet this journalistic preoccupation with environment—speak-easies, industrial engineering, the names of jazz kings—is more a personal than a sociological trait. It springs less from a sense of social conscience than from a clever young man's delight in showing his readers just what makes Sammy run. With all his artistic shortcomings, we could do to-day with many more novelists like the Mr. O'Hara of 1935.

World So Wide, Sinclair Lewis's last novel, is concerned with the Good American in Florence. Though its texture has the smoothness of all Sinclair Lewis's work, the novel is astonishingly uneven. The first few chapters are written with biting mimicry; one savours the full horror of a society dominated by the Country Club, "good-fellowship" and "keeping up with the Joneses." Though flashes of sharp satire recur throughout the book, the hero's twin love affair, with Europe and with a lovely research scholar named Olivia, is an embarrassment. As usual, the author's flair for knowing just what his public wanted got the better of him. "I had been," wrote Scott Fitzgerald, "only a mediocre caretaker of my talent." Bad literary stewardship takes several forms. If Fitzgerald drowned much of his talent in life, Sinclair Lewis buried his in the best-seller.

World Enough and Time is one of those vast carpet-bag epics based on historical situation. At present such books would seem America's most popular contribution to the modern novel. In this case, the subject is a famous Kentucky political scandal of the 1820s which has already inspired several writers, including Edgar Allan

Poe. Mr. Robert Penn Warren has added a new twist to the *genre* by manufacturing his own period letters, diaries, memoranda, newspaper reports, etc. The result is a volume of 508 closely printed pages, which, though at times vividly written, is more a long winter's recreation than a permanent contribution to literature. The ability of American critics to be impressed by sheer bulk has seldom been so convincingly demonstrated as in the signed remarks on the dust-jacket of this book. JOHN RAYMOND

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

The Little Fellow: the Life and Work of Charlie Chaplin. By PETER COTES and THELMA NIKLAUS. *Elek.* 15*s.*

Whether it's time for the "Life and Work of" an artist from whom we still expect enormously must have worried the authors of *The Little Fellow* almost as much as it does the reader. Their book is biography and not biography: no exact date of birth, the rough outline, snippets of anecdote and interview, a necessity to skate over the thin ice of public reputations. To take merely one item—a not unimportant one—was Chaplin born of Jewish parentage? If, as is commonly assumed, he was, then the fact should weigh in any consideration of his work and character. Mr. Cotes and Miss Niklaus don't enlighten us. Their "young Cockney lad" steps out of a dim music-hall background, suffers the glooms and excitements of Lambeth, learns in Fred Karno's kitchen, bursts into the flickering dollar light of the early movies, and his humped silences and passionate nostalgias are all attributed to initial poverty. I am not so much blaming his biographers for their reticence as indicating the sort of book inseparable, at this moment, from the subject. Chaplin may be, and most certainly is, as great an artist in his own right as Shaw or Sibelius, but we can't hope to find him memorialised on their level. The endless battle for popularity must still be fought; he must be backed up, tickled, spoilt. It is waste of time, then, to turn through *The Little Fellow* with an appetite for more than padded fact and varnished opinion. Such being inherent defects, I think the authors, who show a genuine love and understanding of their subject, have done not badly.

One point is made repeatedly: the close interrelation of Chaplin's life (as here revealed to us) and work. His Charlie is a far more intimate creation than any of Dickens's, something between Petrouchka and Don Quixote, the most wonderfully accomplished puppet the world has seen, agitated on strings of childhood. He falls downstairs: can we conceive of a falling downstairs more perfect? That paradox, introduced by an unquenchable hopefulness, has kept us fascinated for thirty-odd years. The "little fellow" has a bat's genius for erratic precision. His mimicry is what every child would like to thumb back at the world; and childlike, he shows off in little dances, to himself or to others, that rival the movements of a Nijinsky. He can't talk; he has no need to. And the face, when for a lingering instant it comes close, is a mask, yet a mask such as to make all real faces seem shabby and inexpressive. No one else on the screen has held the attention with a quarter of the intensity belonging to Chaplin.

We tend, in our absorption, to forget his backgrounds. The authors of *The Little Fellow* stress, very pertinently, the realism introduced by Chaplin into his films. *Easy Street* conveys a Zolaesque picture of a slum, and an imaginative realism was the keynote of *A Woman of Paris*, that Chaplin art-film with no Charlie. He could, in fact, have moved along more detached paths with talent. Luckily for us the egotist and sprite in him proved irresistible, and a series of masterpieces has been the result. One pleasure of *The Little Fellow* is its generously annotated list of Chaplin's films. Here one can pick one's way among the Keystone hopabouts, remembering this, wondering about that. *One A.M.*: for a couple of reels an evening-dress Charlie, tipsy as a rat, gives a solo performance of getting upstairs and into bed: I remember seeing this masterly turn at the old Studio des Ursulines in Paris, when Lupu Pick and Stroheim were the names; a few weeks later we were sweating our way through three-and-a-half hours of *Greed*. Here in the list are *The Count* and *The Pawnshop*: I don't know how many times we must all have enjoyed these. And here are two I don't remember having seen at all: a four-reel burlesque of a Cecil B. de Mille version of *Carmen*, and *Sunnyside*, which immediately followed *Shoulder Arms*—"unique," say the commentators, "among all Chaplin's films for its highly developed poetic quality." There is a concomitant pleasure, too, in the photographs, fifty-three of them, mostly from films.

In fact, as an interim offering of memories, gossip, criticism and affection, *The Little Fellow* can vary agreeably a couple of hours, while we wonder when we shall see our next Chaplin film. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE

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"The greatest thing by far is to be a master of metaphor." Aristotle, with his faculty for hitting other people's nails on the head, was probably right about the essential poetic endowment. Even in everyday speech, figurative language is the individual's regular means of eluding the tiresome board of censors he carries about with him. And in poetry, correspondingly, it is by exploiting every form of verbal trickery that the imagination succeeds in having its say. But the creative attack has to come suddenly as well as obliquely, and a high degree of spontaneity generally characterises the successful use of imaginative language. "It started up in my brain like a creation," Coleridge notes of some complex verbal felicity. Certainly there are limits to what can be done in the way of labouring these things into existence.

But the mediaeval art of rhetoric as inherited by the Elizabethans had other views. Its object was adornment and amplification. By following the rules the writer could insure himself if not against tediousness at least against the greater humiliation of drying up. When Shakespeare commenced playwright there existed a tremendous apparatus of eloquence eager to hang itself round the neck of the nascent drama. He fought with it through most of his career, and triumphed over it resoundingly if never quite consistently. There are few even of his great characters to whom we are not sometimes prompted to murmur with Beatrice, "I wonder that you will still be talking." Nevertheless, Shakespeare's abiding instinct with language was to subdue the decorative to the structural and the artificial to the organic. His imagery comes to do more and more work until it is eventually a main sustaining element in his fabrics; its complexity becomes increasingly of the sort in which the whole is other than the sum of its parts. This progress of poetry is Professor Clemen's subject in the long-awaited English translation and recension of his *Shakespeares Bilder*—a work which, since its first publication in 1936, has been widely influential among students not only in Germany but also in this country and in America.

Sustained critical attention to Shakespeare's imagery is almost entirely a phenomenon of the present century. We are inclined to laugh at Ulrici, announcing in 1898 that Shakespeare's performance here must be accounted among his *Fehler und Mängel*. But Dryden had been of much the same opinion; Johnson had adopted a logical approach to figurative language which inclined him to judge many expressions "forced

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and unnatural" or "improperly joined"; and among the romantic critics it was only Coleridge who cast any notably perceptive and analytical eye upon Shakespearean metaphor. The pioneer attempt at systematic investigation was Caroline Spurgeon's *Shakespeare's Imagery and what it tells us*, which appeared in 1936. That book, with its statistical approach, its preoccupation with the mere content of the images and its hunt for Shakespeare's "personality," must now appear somewhat naive. But much that has followed it with more of critical pretension is a wilderness of subtleties unprofitably drawn out; and indeed a whole school of critics has arisen, the tendency of whose work is to dissolve away the plays in a featureless semantic ocean. Professor Clemen's is, by comparison, a thoroughly well-balanced approach. Aware of the largely involuntary mechanisms that bring a complex imagery into being, he is yet constantly mindful of the intellectual labour that bends this aptitude progressively to the service of dramatic art. Aware, too, of the manner in which, in a mature Shakespeare play, the imagery constitutes a pattern below the level of plot and character, he never forgets that the dramatist's first concern is with men and women in action. Shakespeare's "power to associate the imagery with the very fabric of the play" has as one important department of its operation the ability to use imagery for establishing and exposing character. The examination of *Othello* in this light is one of the best things in a most important book.

Of recent English writers on Shakespeare it is Mr. Wilson Knight who has most persistently and successfully cultivated studies akin to Professor Clemen's; and the present reissue of *The Imperial Theme* gives a convenient opportunity for some interesting comparisons—most notably, perhaps, in the approach to *Antony and Cleopatra*. Mr. Knight is here, as throughout, by far the more ambitious commentator. He states that he "deliberately aims to write of genius from the standpoint . . . of genius itself; to write of it from *within*." His essentially mystical interpretation must, he feels, as the very signature of its success, return "saturated and glittering" from the elixirs in which it has immersed itself. And in a new preface he is disposed to reproach those of his critics who hint a need for umbrellas and sun-glasses, or who hold that earlier writers showed Mr. Knight the way to his dip. But Mr. Knight has assuredly no occasion, with Speed's lover, "to watch, like one that fears robbing." His achievement, if sometimes slightly rum, is unique and valuable.

Professor Duthie, with a distinguished reputation in the dry region of Shakespearean textual criticism, is a newcomer to the tropical world of literary interpretation, with all its lumbering sauropods, bright ephemerae and spongy fungi. Confronted with the task of writing for an educational series one more short book on Shakespeare, he has eschewed any attempt at comprehensive survey and given his space to an examination of selected plays and topics, with a special emphasis upon the "Order-Disorder Antithesis" in Shakespeare. This heavy-footed beast has been the most prolific of the jungle-creatures for a good many years now. Hunting it is not quite the exciting sport it was; nevertheless the tiro at least can learn much in the course of putting a good specimen in his bag. If Professor Duthie is concerned with thus teaching the young idea how to shoot, Professor Alexander may be conceived as providing the essential equipment in a handy two-and-three-quarter pound pack. The Tudor Shakespeare is excellent value, presenting a complete text of the plays and poems, legibly printed, accompanied by a good glossary, and introduced and edited by one of the most eminent of living Shakespeare scholars.

J. I. M. STEWART

Major Byron. By THEODORE G. EHRSAM. *Murray.* 35*s.*

Major George Gordon De Luna Byron deserves a high place among the literary pretenders. He put himself forward as the son of Byron and a Spanish countess: a claim that, however insubstantial, cannot be finally rebutted. On the strength of it, he roved and pestered, borrowed money, gained possession of manuscripts, and from family scandal moved on to forgery. Byron letters flowed from a pen adept enough and at least sympathetically inwound with their supposed origin. Byron led to Shelley, Shelley to Keats, but by then both inspiration and profits were flagging. The Major (who was not a Major, by the way) will be remembered for his Byron and Shelley exploits. These form the greater part of Dr. Ehrsam's investigation. He disposes of many a shady page: copies of genuine letters are set beside the originals; tesselations of real and fake are prised apart, borrowings from a Disraeli novel tracked down; and at least one Byron poem in the collected works will now find itself without a leg—or a foot—to stand on. A most valuable and curious exposure. The forgeries can be studied under a magnifiying lens. Unfortunately Major Byron himself cannot; and although Dr. Ehrsam has brought him into the limelight as much as possible, he remains a slippery figure, personable, deft, elusive, with a strain of bitterness and at least more aptitude for his role than a Tichborne claimant.

Guide to the Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales. By JACQUETTA HAWKES. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*

Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes's *Guide* suffers only from being rather too personal and too full of the author's own emotion about this or that prehistoric site—"the wistfulness, melancholy, the sense of *les temps perdus* of all the monuments which stand in lonely places, utterly deserted on moors and fells." If archaeologists uncover with a trowel, Mrs. Hawkes does tend to cover up again with the spade out of the heap of her own sentiments. This makes her guide more difficult to use than it need have been.

Province by province, all the same, South-East, Wessex, South-West, Oxfordshire to the Forest of Dean, Wales and Monmouthshire, East of England, and the North of England, it is extremely useful, thorough and detailed. The maps are adequate, and before the enormous tour of *les temps perdus* begins, most of the types of monument from megalithic tombs and barrows and hill-forts to linear earthworks and Roman villas and signal-stations are analysed and explained. Only the far too few illustrations are inadequate. Constant use of this guide-book should drive out the antiquarian rubbish still bedded in every kind of writing about the country.

Life of the Shore and Shallow Sea. By DOUGLAS P. WILSON. *Nicholson & Watson.* 15*s.*

Dr. Wilson's book was originally published in 1935, went into a second impression in 1937, and is now reissued in a new and revised edition. Dr. Wilson writes lucidly and with first-class authority. He is a research worker in the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, and any sea-side visitor who takes this well-illustrated volume for his holiday reading may rely on the up-to-dateness of the interesting information it contains. Here is the male Lumpsucker fish:

> For several weeks in March and April he stays beside the large pink mass of eggs, sometimes uncovered by the tide or pounded by the waves. He retains his position by clinging to the rocks with a powerful ventral sucker. The conditions are dangerous and not infrequently during stormy weather guarding males are dislodged and dashed to their death.

It is too late now to watch the male *Cyclopterus lumpus* on the job, but next year the chance of observing his devotion might almost make a March or April holiday preferable to an August one.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,126

Set by G. de Vavasour

What's Hecuba to Him . . . ? Where were ye, nymphs . . . ? Who is Sylvia? O, cuckoo, shall I call thee bird . . . ? Competitors are invited to write a letter to *The Times* or *Sunday Times*, suggesting an erudite answer to one of these or to any other such familiar literary question. Limit 150 words.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,123

Set by Richard Lister

A friend you rather like sends you a copy of his new book which you rather dislike. The usual prizes are offered for your letter acknowledging it (in which you must indicate the title and nature of the book). Limit 150 words.

Report by Richard Lister

This predicament was one which an enormous number of competitors seemed to find it easy to imagine themselves in. Not so many managed to extricate themselves from it gracefully, but with integrity intact. Naturally the double-faced phrase was the key. But many who succeeded in finding a good one couldn't resist enlarging upon it until it was spoiled. Authors are more suspicious than competitors realised. "I am happy indeed that *God Wot* now rests and shall rest upon my shelves," E. W. Fordham concludes, but he has laid it on so thick beforehand that even the most innocent author would have been wary. "It was a stroke of genius to jog the camera deliberately in the street scenes, to dramatise the contemporary sense of bewilderment" (Stanley J. Sharpless) could hardly slip by unnoticed, even after "you've pin-pointed the sheer middlesexiness of Middlesex wonderfully." Perhaps the blushing author of a first book might accept "How wise you were to insist upon your own illustrations! The vigorous naivety of an untrained hand often achieves . . ." (Eric Swainson). "I am less certain of your theme, but as something of a commercia

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myself I am scarcely qualified" (Oswald Wynd) neatly takes out the sting. "We think it a great achievement to have seen so deeply into the souls of the peasants in the few weeks you were at Lavanger . . ." thus Patrick Baggally and his Swedish wife clearly indicate a kind of book we all know. "You make a powerful impact on the reader's nerves. Those quarrel scenes with Ann Hathaway make me wince" (Edward Blishen) almost passes. Doubtless it is to the credit of our competitors that they mostly could not sustain the note of the "bitchy" all the way through: but it makes it harder to select the winners. J. P. Stevenson and L. E. J. seem to me best; two guineas each. Half a guinea consolation prize to the other three printed.

My Dear General,

Thank you for *A Third Dragoon in Two Wars*. I don't know which was the more courageous—your assault on Bhundi with such slender resources in 1917, or your assault on the publishing world in 1951! Anyway, let's hope the reviews will be kinder to you than the Pakirs were. (I see that the NEW STATESMAN has got its word in already—brief and bilious, but *that* won't worry you!).

"Worcester sauce" is a nice compliment to your wit and birthplace, and the anecdotes with which you spice the narrative will, I am sure, be read with delight by those who know the Regiment well. But does the dust-cover say the right thing in comparing you to T. E. Lawrence? Bit of an *introvert*, wasn't he?

Kind of Brigadier Bold to read the proofs—he was always one to try his hand at something new.

Yours sincerely, J. P. STEVENSON

Dear Cecil,

Many thanks for *Through Sweden in a Caravan*, which I have now read. The *N.S.* review seemed to me most unfair. Why the devil should you know anything about Swedish history, architecture, or even landscape after five weeks cooped up in a caravan in incessant rain? Nor would anyone who knows you believe you capable of wittingly hurting Swedish susceptibilities. And if anybody should want to build a caravan precisely like yours, what could be more useful than the detailed measurements and diagrams in the first four chapters? As for the silly nagging about split infinitives and punctuation, that's a matter for the proof-reader rather than the author. And why reviewers should always demand humour in a travel-book I can't imagine. But I'm sure you won't let this upset you—in fact your preface makes it clear that you won't!

Yours ever, L. E. J.

P.S.—*Norway*, of course, not Sweden!

Dear Walter,

I think it's ever so sweet of you to send me that book. Jimmy (you remember Jimmy on the stage door?) gave it me when we came off after the first chorus number (you remember, where we wear feathers?) and I was ever so excited. When I saw it was called *History of Floral Dances* I thought you were thinking of Hyacinth La Rose (you remember Hy who comes on as a daff?) but of course it isn't. Anyway I think it was real nice of you to send it. I saw in it a pictsher of those funny men in Cornwall and I'm going to tell Larry (you remember Larry who takes us through our routines?) we ought to have a number with all those ribbon things hanging off our bras and briefs.

Pity, I thought at first it was that bracelet you promised me.

Love, LANA (JOAN GRAHAM)

Dear Francis,

It was too kind of you to send me that handsome volume! You must have guessed that, with book prices what they are, I should never have obtained it otherwise.

How much it would have surprised me when I read and enjoyed your enthralling murder mystery to know that you were also capable of writing *Francis Bacon and Anne Hathaway*! I'm not a Baconian myself but I appreciate your ingenuity in working out that Mrs. Shakespeare (sorry, Mrs. Shagsper!) is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets and the second best bed Shagsper's mean little revenge for what must have been a confusing situation.

You are very wise. I think, not to have attempted to clear up the confusion. Your codes and ciphers are something quite new. Utterly original! When are you going to write another thriller?

Forgive my haste! I'm just off to Stratford.

Love,

D. L. M.

My Dear X.,

Most kind of you to send me a copy of your book. I am, as you know, an indolent fellow, and inclined to regard with awe the mental and physical energy which must be needed for the writing and publication of a book. As I read yours, I remembered a winter day at Cambridge when you told me you meant to write, and I said "Never!" . . . Well, well, we live, and should learn!

My thanks, and best wishes. Z. (D. H.)

CHESS: Battle of Bloomsbury

No. 103

To add "Britain Beaten By Balkans" might improve alliteration, but it would tell only half the story. True, in the match against the Yugoslavs (handsomely staged at London University) our men were beaten; but 7½ : 12½ is really a better result than we dared to expect against what is indubitably the strongest team that any one nation outside the U.S.S.R. and possibly the U.S.A. could put up. Is such prowess due to something inherent in their "national character"? I prefer to seek the answer in some sober facts given me by Professor Gabrovsek, their match captain (and himself a master of no mean standing). There are more than 30,000 organised chess players in Yugoslavia, (less than 10,000 in this country). In all schools and Youth organisations, and particularly in the T.U. and Co-op Clubs, Chess is systematically encouraged, its educative value being officially recognised. "It teaches young people concentration," said the Professor, "and it keeps them out of the pubs"; he told me that there are three chess journals in Yugoslavia, that most papers run a chess column and that in the last five years more chess books were published than in the twenty preceding years, and he added regretfully that in the current financial year Parliament has voted a mere two million dinars to be spent on Chess. Considering how unlikely it would seem for, say, the British Council to devote £15,000 a year to Chess I wonder if we should seek consolation (or even pride) in the fact that almost all the best British masters are truly "amateurs" in the financial meaning of the term. At any rate that well-known civil servant and overworked author C. H. O'D. Alexander lived up to his traditional hobby of giant-killing in Chess by scoring 1½ against Matanovic. Here is his win.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(20) P x Kt	B x R
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(21) Kt-B3	B-K3
(3) Kt x P	P-Q3	(22) B-Q2	B x Kt
(4) Kt-B4	Kt x P	(23) Q x B	R-Kt3
(5) Kt-QB3	Kt x Kt	(24) B-Kt5	P-QR3
(6) KtP x Kt	P-KKt3	(25) B-R4	B x P
(7) B-K2	B-Kt2	(26) B-B1	P-Q4
(8) O-O	O-O	(27) B-Kt2	Q-B3
(9) P-Q4	Kt-Q2	(28) Q-Q2	Q-K2
(10) Kt-K3	Kt-Kt3	(29) Q-B3	KR-B3
(11) P-QB4	B-K3	(30) B-Kt3	B x R
(12) P-QB3	P-KB4	(31) B x P ch	K-Kt2
(13) Q-Kt3	Q-K2	(32) K x B	R x P
(14) B-B3?	Q-B2!	(33) B-Kt3	P-B4
(15) B x KtP	QR-Kt1	(34) P-Kt4	P x P e.p.
(16) B-R6	P-B5!	(35) P x P	R-Q5
(17) P-Q5	B-Q2	(36) Q-B2	Q-K5
(18) Kt-Q1	Kt x QP	(37) Q x P	Q-R8 ch
(19) Q-R3	Kt-Kt5	resigns	

The victor's comment was that his opponent, evidently overlooking Black's 16 move missed P-KB4 on his own 14 move.

In this position Tylor caught his redoubtable opponent (Rabar) in a very neat "swindle." The Yugoslav master had just played his Q to Kt3, Tylor countered Q-KB2, and the sequel was:

(31) B-Q6	R-Kt1
(32) Q-R4 ch	K-B1
(33) B x P	Q x P!
(34) R x B?	R x P ch
(35) resigns	

In this week's competition, since our problem addicts may well have felt neglected in recent weeks, **A** is an amusing 2-mover by a young Russian composer. It is none too easy, still no 2-mover ought to rate more than 5 ladder-points. But **B**—White to draw—is so difficult that it seems hardly over-rated with 9 points, even if I add the useful hint that (surprisingly enough) this is a stalemate study.

Usual prizes. Entries by October 1.

A: B. Kovalenko 1950

B: A. Herbstmann 1950

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REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 1

A: a: (1) Kt-B4, K-Q4. (2) P-Q3, K-B4. (3) R-QKt6, K-Q4. (4) K-Kt4, K-Q5. (5) R-Q6 mate.
b: (1) K-B4, K-K4. (2) Kt-Q5, K-K5. (3) Kt-K3, K-K4. (4) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K5. (5) P-Q3 mate.
c: (1) K-B4, K-K4. (2) Kt-Q5, K-K5. (3) P-Q3 ch, K-K4. (4) P-Q4 ch, K-K5. (5) R-B4 mate.
d: (1) P-Q3 ch, K-K6. (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-K7. (3) P-Q4, K-K8. (4) K-Q3 etc.
B: (1) Alf-Q3, K-B3. (2) K-K5, K-B4. (3) R-B7 mate (or correspondingly the other way round).
C: (1) Kt-Q5, K-B1. (2) R-R8 ch, K-Q2. (3) K-B5, K-K3. (4) R-R7, K-K4. (5) R-K7 mate.
D: (1) R-KB6, K-R4. (2) Kt-K5, K-Kt4. (3) Kt-Q7, K-R4. (4) Kt-Kt6, K-Kt4. (5) Kt-Q5, K-R4 (6) Kt-B7, K-Kt4. (7) Kt-K8, K-R4. (8) R-QR6, K-Kt4. (9) R-K6, K-B4. (10) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-Kt4. (11) Alf-K3 mate.
E: (1) R-B6, R x Kt. (2) B-Kt2 ch, K-R2! (3) R x P ch, K-Kt3. (4) R-B2, K-B2. (5) R-Q2, K-Kt3. (6) R-B2, K-R4. (7) R-Kt2 etc.
if (2) . . . . K-Kt4 (R4), (3) R-B5 ch, K moves. (4) K-Kt3.

Many competitors were baffled by one or the other of these pieces, yet well over a score—too many to mention them all—turned in perfect solutions of this Marathon competition. Hence, the prizes can once again be shared by competitors who have not yet (or not for a long time) appeared in a prize-list—E. W. Carmichael, C. R. Hattersley, H. Phillips, J. M. Reid. Alternative (and slightly shorter) versions for **D** get full marks.

ASSIAC

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SUDAN Government. The Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture requires a Botanist or Plant Pathologist, aged 22 to 35, for service in the Sudan. Candidates must have appropriate Honours Degrees or their equivalents. Appointment will be on Long Term Contract for a period of ten years on a salary scale £E.667 to £E.1316 with special post-service gratuity, or on Provident Fund Contract or Short Term Contract at higher rates of pay and different post-service benefits. A Cost of Living Allowance varying between £E.142 and £E.352 per annum according to the number of dependants is at present payable and, subject to certain limitations, an Outfit Allowance of £E.60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Further particulars and application form may be obtained, on written application, from the Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Botanist/Plant Pathologist 4/403."

B.B.C. requires Television Publicity Officer to be responsible to Assistant Head of Publicity (Home) for television publicity and to direct the work of an assistant who compiles "Television News," a junior press officer and a secretary. The work entails contact with Television Directorate and heads of television departments concerning television policy and preparation of publicity. Good organising ability, knowledge of television, journalistic experience and ability to build and maintain good relations with Press and television staff are essential. Salary £925 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,195. Application to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Pubs. Officer, N. Stn.," within a week. Per acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications from women (British or foreign) for work in the Portuguese and Brazilian Sections. Duties consist mainly of taking Portuguese dictation direct on to the typewriter and clerical work. Good English and accurate typing are essential. Starting salary £6 5s. plus 10s. language allowance for Portuguese. Applications to the Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Portuguese N.Stn." within a week.

SURREY County Council. Education Department, Service of Youth. Appointment of District Youth Officers. (a) Surbiton. (b) Godalming and Haselmere. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the appointment of District Youth Officers to service above District Youth Council Areas. Applicants should possess organising and administrative ability in all matters concerned with Youth Service. A recognised diploma or certificate of education is desirable, but practical exp. of work with both boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age is essential. Salary: Men (Part I) £500 × £20—£620; (Part II) £640 × £20—£700. Women (Part I) £420 × £20—£540; (Part II) £560 × £20—£640. Plus London Weighting (£30) where applicable. Full particulars and application forms obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) envelope from the Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this notice.

KENT County Council. Children's Department.—The Children's Committee of the Kent County Council invite applications for the appointment of Woman Welfare Officer. Duties will include the selection of foster homes and the care of children to be boarded out under the provisions of the Children Act, 1948; enquiries in connection with children appearing before Juvenile Courts, and Adoption enquiries. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or appropriate academic qualification: previous experience in child care work is very desirable. Salary in accordance with the scale £440 a year rising by £15 yearly increments to £485 a year. The candidate appointed will be required to pass a medical examination and the appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent, to whom they should be returned not later than October 1, 1951. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

DERBYSHIRE County Council. Vacancy for a whole-time Psychiatric Social Worker (holding Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers). Salary £370 p.a., by £20 to £530 p.a. A car allowance is payable in accordance with the Council's scale. Full particulars and application forms are available from: Dr. J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, St. Mary's Gate, Derby.

EXPERIENCED Club Leader (male) required for an open Youth Club in Church sponsored, in Sutton, Surrey, operating in spacious church premises (C. of E.), affiliated to N.A.B.C., and N.A.G.C. & M.C. Commencing salary £350 per annum on incremented scale. Further particulars and application forms which must be returned by October 6 can be obtained from the Secretary, S.C.A.B.C., c/o C. H. Cook's Sports Ground, Almsboure Lane, Chessington, Surrey, on receipt of foolscap S.A.E.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

SOUTHERN District W.E.A. will shortly be appointing a District Secretary. Salary £350-£700 p.a. with car allowance. Closing date for applications, October 26. Details from 1 Cranbury Terrace, Southampton.

AN experienced travelling Appeals Organiser (or suitably keen, dedicated person able learn quickly) for cause meeting with generous public support. Prospects permanency. Write age; background; experience and remuneration; Administrator, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad St., Oxford.

PART-time Club Leader required for Golders Green Jewish Youth Club. Mixed Youth aged 13 to 17. Salary according to experience. Applications to Secretary, Synagogue, Dunstan Rd., N.W.11.

MANAGER or manageress wanted for residential side of holiday centre (accommodation 120) in Northumberland. Must be willing to take sole responsibility. Salary appropriate to responsibility. An educational and cultural programme is organised in summer months, and the centre caters for conference parties in the winter. Previous experience of hotel or catering work desirable but not essential. Cottage available if required. Full particulars from Box 5835.

TRAINED Nurse, to act as Assistant Matron wanted for Margate Holiday Home. Apply Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

COOK wanted for Dorking Home with 60 residents. Second cook and adequate kitchen staff kept. Alternatively, couple, where wife would act as cook. Very good bus and train service to London. Apply Matron, The Jewish Home for the Blind, "Bakefield," Westcott Rd., Dorking, Surrey. Westcott 13.

ELIZABETH Fry Probation Hostel, 13 Highbury Terrace, N.5, req. immed. House Matron. Letters only to Chairman.

MANAGING Director (fiction/general publishers needs Personal Secretary; qualified shorthand-typist, with good social, educational background. Box 6028.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Secretary to The Women's Engineering Society. Part-time service might be considered. Apply Mrs. Mumby, 35 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Tel. SLO. 0401.

SHORTHAND-typist required in Editorial Department of British Medical Journal. Salary according to grade, commencing £5 16s. Reply with full particulars of age and experience to Information Officer, British Medical Journal, B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

INTERESTING and unusual opportunity offered to young woman (18-23) with shorthand and typewriting qualifications to train for personnel work in Department Store. The post requires a high degree of intelligence, lively and friendly interest in people and zest for work. Good salary while training, excellent prospects, non-contributory Pension and Sick schemes. Apply Box 6015.

COMPETENT Shorthand Typist, well-educated, accurate with good speeds, wanted immediately. Work interesting and varied. Excellent prospects. Salary according to age and experience. Apply The Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY seeks senior secretarial post, London or Cambridge area, shorthand-typing, book-keeping, excellent education and good appearance, fluent French. Box 5880.

CAN any farm-owner use honest, intellgt. ex-farmer, 45, thoroughly experienced arable, dairy, h/m, milking, beef, pigs, etc. Wife excellent cook or secy. S. or S.W. 1st class refs. Box 5881.

YNG. woodworker and wife seek full-time social welfare work, country pref., run hostel, etc., keen craftsmen. Box 5895.

FOREIGN correspondent (Press), retired, seeks part-time work. Experienced lecturer, author, literary translator. 8 languages. Would consider full-time if really interesting. Box 5914.

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701.

EDUCATED male housekeeper wants post. Can drive and do secretarial work. Box 5991.

VERSATILE woman graduate, good mixer, widely travelled on continent and U.S.S.R., seeks social welfare literary ability, varied exp. in government service, teaching and public, would be advantage. Box 5864.

BUSINESS woman, publishing and literary experience, desires progressive post in established bookshop. Box 5911.

REQD., editor or employer with initiative. To employ ex-Major (emergency), 31, brilliant (professional) photographer, gd. painter, able to write King's English, satisfactory jobbing gardener, not dilettante. Interested people, fashion and manners. Box 5891.

MALE editorial assistant (26), strong literary inclinations, at present employed on weekly magazine, seeks change. Any really worthwhile creative work, literary or social. Advice welcomed. Box 5939.

EXPERIENCED Secretary would like post, secretarial or organising, preferably in country. Long references can be given for school, farm and politics organising work. Car driver. Box 5861.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

YOUNG man seeks evening employment London, Oct. 1 onwards. Box 5438.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5 offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. FRO. 1000.

LONDON. Bed/brkfast. 10s. 6d. nightly. Comf., quiet hse. 2 min. Tube. 20 min. City & West End. Mrs. F. Door, Cleff House Hotel, 43 The Grove, N.8. FIN. 5662.

INEXPENSIVE pied-à-terre, in well-kept house; divan room, phone, gas fire, bath. Gentleman, from 31/5/52. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3. KEN. 4367.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Square, W.2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

MUSWELL Hill flat. Small furn. room, use of kit., bath., tel. Electric fire. Young lady only. Rent 22s. 6d. p.w. Box 5897.

BEDROOM with breakfast offered to student or professional or business man in superior house near Swiss Cottage. Please telephone Primrose 0495.

YOUNG lady architect has bed-sitting-room to let to prof. girl in charming S.W.13 flat. 2 guineas inclusive. Box 6002.

TWO girls (Oxford graduates) offer two others share of spacious flat Knightsbridge area. Box 5832.

SHARE of flat with two others for girl, 30s. PAR. 9795 or write Reid, 126 Elgin Crescent, W.11.

INTERNAT. House, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. Metro. Latimer Rd. LAD. 3104. Bed & Br. 6s. 6d.-35s. p. week, share. Clubroom to let. (Lectures, Sketching Classes: Apply.)

COMFORTABLE accommodation, single or sharing. Morning/eve. & wk.-end meals. H. & C. Gas fires. Large garden, garage space. Wood Green. From £3 5s. Box 6024.

COMFY bed-sit. Sunnus bed; gas fire; with breakfast. Beckenham 5952 evgs.

COMFORTABLE home within 1hour London. Suitable student from home or abroad. Box 5906.

TO let, winter months, cottage, 3 rms. furn. Modern plumbing—calor gas. £1 p.w. East Lothian village. Box 5982.

TRURO, Cornwall. Flat to let now until March 30. Simply furn., main services, own lavatory, bathroom with gas water heater. Children not objected to. Rent from £4 10s. weekly. Garage. Box 5966.

WRITER (lang. teacher, trailr.) bach., 50, seeks London accn m. Box 6061.

COUPLE need flat/rooms convenient City and Sutton. Box 5859.

PLEASE help. Business couple, total savings £250, defeated by premiums and still living apart, seek unfurn. London flat, rent about £150. Box 6128.

WANTED flat, urgent, 2 rooms (2 single beds), kitchen, bathroom, telephone or use of, furnished or unfurnished. 9/12 mths. £4 10s./£5 5s., £220/£260. N.W. 1-5/S.W.1.-3-10/S.E.21. Box 5986.

PROF. woman reqs. accom. nr. Putney in return for pt.-time work. Box 5981.

PERSONAL

EXCHANGE: Young Swiss graduate offers hospitality in prosperous Swiss home for similar in London. Box 6001.

COMFORTABLE home offered to girl student/widow in return occasional light help. Tel. WEM. 7629 mornings & evngs.

FURN. cottage near Wells for 6 months for help in hse./garden. Box 5958.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anmvellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

NEW trade weekly requires additional capital for expansion purposes, excellent prospects; directorship offered, principals only, apply in confidence. Box 5528.

YNG. man wishes reach Australia, work passage, anywhere. Box 5956.

SOCKS/shirts repaired by post. B4, OSEV (Regd.). 6 Silver Cres., W.4. CHI. 0765.

PARTNER wanted for English bookshop-lending library in France. Accom. available. References, etc., reqd. Box 5846.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Inquiries: Welbeck 9600.

ETHICAL Guidance—analytical discussion of personal problems in ethics—problems as to source and as to nature of particular duties. Box 6162.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure régime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful bijou Guest House, will restore your mental and physical poise with added vigour. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Hallowy Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

PERSONAL—*continued*

EXPERIENCED woman teacher offers home tuition for mentally retarded children. HAM. 3838 between 4-7 p.m. Box 5700.

MIDDLE-aged Englishwoman has leisure to give lessons in English conversation, pronunciation and letter-writing to foreigners in London. Nominal remuneration. Box 5956.

RUSSIAN lady gives Russian lessons. Box 6111.

PROFESSIONAL tuition Latin, Greek, German, all grades. Box 5803.

SCHOOLMASTER (Ph.D., M.A.), lived in Israel, shortly forming group to learn modern Hebrew. Strictly limited number. Mod. fee. Please write (intend. Box 5932.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 5518.

FRENCH, Spanish, Engl. by able specialists. Personal adaptation to your needs. Children/adults all stages. Speech improvement. F. J. Vehils, F.I.L., 3 Sussex Pl., W.2.

LINGUAFILM Classes (French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, English for Foreigners)—reserve Oct. 1 at 13 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. Demonstration-lessons during Sept. For details please write or call.

FRENCH tapestry (gobelin) and oriental carpet-weaving taught; classes or privately by Continental expert teacher. Tel. Ham. 3818 between 4 & 7 p.m. Write Box 5699.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerstrom, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (1951), 13 Palace Gate, W.8.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, G Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

WINTER Sports, Christmas and week-end arrangements for social groups for the autumn and winter season 1951/52. Our programme is ready now. We will be very pleased to send you a copy on application. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

STUDENTS are specially catered for in our new winter programme of ski-ing and rambling holidays. 11-day learn-to-ski centre in Switzerland for £25; 16 days' centre in Austria, with Austrian students, for £26 7s. 6d. Really inclusive charges culled from many in our new programme. Copy from Ramblers' Assn., 48(a) Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

AUTUMN Holidays in the Sun.—Alassio, 8 Finale Marina, Cap d'Antibes (Riviera); Malcreine (Garda), San Pelbu (Spain); Lucerne & many others. All £34 for 7 days incl. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan. 6436/7.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

TRANSINTERPRETERS. Main European languages. Quick accurate service. Tuition Spoken German—native. TER. 3586.

"THE Wines of Chile." Write or telephone for a free copy of this interesting brochure. Leslie Gardner, Ltd., 23 King's College Rd., London, N.W.3. PRI. 7191/2.

P.S. Altitude, spirits, life and links will be high! But costs will be low! !

P.P.S. If you are a student, or an ex-student of recent vintage, get on Harold Ingham's mailing list for Ski-parties in Switzerland. Write away right away to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

KENSINGTON. Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dulcrest), R. G. H. Joh, D. Sc.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Boarding.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school where, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days 5 & 8. Saint's Day. Fri., 7. Mrs. Dot. Mems.

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY. BUS. 5391. "The Germans," Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sept. 23, 7.30. "Liebesmelodie" (a) Austrian.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Sept. 23: Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Frinsay in "The Paris Waltz" (A). From Sept. 24: Danielle Darrieux in "Occupe-Toi D'Amelie" (X).

SOVIET Film—"Adventures in Bokhara" and speaker just back from U.S.S.R. Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1. Mon., Sept. 24, 7.30. Tkts.: 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Islington B.S.F.S. Ed. Ctee.

RUTH Allsebrook, Murray Brown, Song and piano recital, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Tues. next, at 8. 1st perf. Alwyn Sonata. 5s., 3s., at door. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

GLASGOW: Turntable Club. Gramophone Recitals fortnightly from Sept. 26, 203 W. George St. Prospectus from Hon. Sec., Birkett, 10 Hyndland Avenue, W.1.

NEW Soviet songs, Russian and Georgian Chamber music. Tape-recording recital, Mon., Sep. 24, 7.45. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Sept. 25, at 7.45 p.m. Concert of British and Czechoslovak Songs, by the W.M.A. Singers conducted by Alan Bush, with Elsie Bracher at the piano. All welcome—adm. free.

ALL Nations Social Club. Dance at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Chris. Stone's Orchestra. Licensed Bar. 7.30-11.30 Sat., Sept. 22. Tickets 4s. 6d. at door. Non-members welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints, a full range on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, daily 9-6 and on Sat. mornings. New catalogue now published, price 6d.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 16 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Ceri Richards and Denis Mathews. Also contemporary English & French paintings. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

EXHIBITION of Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman, on the 4th Floor, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-7 inc. Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d. Children 6d.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open-Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk dly. Last day Sept 30. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

A. S. Hartrick. A Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Drawings and Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Sept. 29. Mon., Wed.-Fri., Sat. 10-6., Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove. Paintings by Rodney Gladwell. Till Sept. 29, 10 a.m. 5 p.m., except Suns.

ANNUAL Exhibition of Six Young Contemporaries: A Selection from the Art Schools of Great Britain. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. First English Exhibition of Sculpture by Mitzi Solomon Cunliffe. Recent Paintings by John Melville. Until October 6.

THREE Centuries of British Watercolours and Drawings. An Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Oct. 10. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

NATL. Exhibn. of Children's Art. Paintings, Craft. R.I. Galls., 195, Piccadilly, W.1. 10-5 until Sept. 29. 1s. Children 6d.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Paintings by Marjorie Hawke and Sculpture by Ann Hughes. Also A.I.A. Lithographs. Mon.-Sat. 11-6. Exhib. closes Oct. 4.

OTWAY McCannell, Paintings at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., Charing X. Rd., 11 a.m. to 8.30 p.m., Sept. 26-Oct. 16.

ICA Gallery. 17 Dover St. "London. An Adventure in Town Planning." 10-6 dly.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6a Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades, 1851-1951. Review of British taste. 10-5 daily. Last week.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of the American Indians.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Water Colours of Jamaica by John Minton. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Charles Mahieu (1887-1940) Sculpture and Drawings. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is this Socialism?" Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, M.P., Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Tuesdays—October 16, 23, 30; November 6, 13, 20. Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, at 7.15 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s. season 10s. & 16s. Applics. and enqs. to Lecture Sec., Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WORLD Government Public Meeting, Kingsway Hall, Wed., Sept. 26, 6.30 for 7 p.m. Lord Boyd Orr, Lord Beveridge, Gen. Riiser-Larsen (Norway); M. Robert Buron (French Minister of Information); Prof. Hans Thirring (Austrian Atomic Scientist); I. J. Pitman, M.P., Henry Usborne, M.P., Chairman: Gilbert McAllister, M.P. Admission free. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from: World Govt. Parliamentary Association, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SCARBOROUGH Brains Trust. Barbara Castle, M.P., Dick Crossman, M.P., John Freeman, M.P., Harold Wilson, M.P., Q.M.: Ian Mikardo, M.P. Arcadia Theatre, Foreshore Road, Scarborough, at 8 p.m., Sun., Sept. 30. Doors open 7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

THE National Book League's Autumn programme is now opening. It includes lectures (one by Somerset Maugham), exhibitions and discussion groups. Please write to 7 Albemarle Street, for membership form and a copy of the League's Journal "Books."

JACQUETTA Hawkes on Antiquarian Writers. Saturday, Sept. 22, at 3 p.m. Prof. E. N. da C. Andrade on The History of the English Scientific Book, Thursday, September 27, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Sept. 26, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "One Way Only." J. Diamond & G. Drain: Open discussion on the Bevan Group's Analysis of the World Crisis. Adm. 1s. 6d. Note change of venue.

QUAKERS report on U.S.S.R. Paul Cadbury and Leslie Metcalf, delegates, at Progressive Business Men's Forum, Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, 7.30 p.m., Thurs., Sept. 27. Public invited.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Prospects of World Peace," by Sir Geoffrey Mander. Questions and Discussion. Thurs., Sept. 27, 8 p.m., Gt. Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-mems 1s. 6d. at door.

SOIREE at Tate Gallery, Oct. 30, for members of Institute of Contemporary Arts. One event in varied programme of lectures, discussions, etc. Membership £2 2s. p.a. Enquiries: 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

TECHNIQUE of Painting. 6 fortnightly lectures by Helmut Ruhemann. Weds. 6.15 p.m. Com. Oct. 3. Inc. fee for course Mems. 10s., Non-mems. £1. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1.

ART Talks presented by Finsbury Public Libraries and Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Will be given each month in Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). 1st lecture: Helmut Ruhemann "Meddling with Pictures" (detecting forgeries). Monday, Oct. 1, 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Complete series of 8 lectures 10s. For further details apply Finsbury Public Libraries, Skinner St., E.C.1.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. Janet Chance: "Abortion—Past and Present," Wed., Sept. 26, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., in Club Room at 7 p.m. Adm. free.

"THE Science of the Bible." Lecture Fri. Sept. 28, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, by Alice Barnett. Title: The Key to Bible Symbolism." Adm. free

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Sept. 23: Perfectibility of Man.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. September 25: "Supra-sensory-Supra-rational-Illumination."

"WHAT Do You Think? What Do You Know?" A Group of Young People investigating Life meet every Friday, 7 p.m. 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

A LECTURE on Medieval History by Ann Duran, B.A., at Intermat. Hostel, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. Latimer Rd. Metrop. Thurs., Sept. 27, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. Tea.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sept. 23: Joseph McCabe. "Communism." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Overseas visitors cordially welcomed.

BUDDHIST Society, 106, Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Sept. 26, 6.30, "First Steps to Meditation for Westerners," Mr. W. A. Purfurst.

THE Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Lecture on the Influence of 19th Century England on Polish Progressive Thought. Fri., Sept. 21, at 7.45 p.m. Speaker: R. Ainsztein. All welcome.

"SAGITTARIUS" on Is a National Theatre Desirable? Chair: Esme Percy. Shaw Society, 57 Dean St., W.1, Sept. 29, 3 p.m. Non-members 2s. 6d. (in advance 2s.): 45 Steepletone Close, N.19.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"DEFENCE of Our Children's Education" Conference, Sun., Sept. 30, at Victoria Halls, North Hall, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. 10.30 and 2.30. Delegates' & visitors' tickets 1s. from Child Care Commission, I.W.D., 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12.

B'NAI B'rith. Lord Hailsham (formerly Mr. Quintin Hogg, M.P.) speaks on "Religio Politica." Thurs., Sept. 27, 8 p.m. Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, W.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 114 Portman St., W.1. "Art in the Youth Clubs." Lecture by Charles S. Spencer. Wed., Sept. 26, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Wed., Sept. 26, at 8. Dr. E. H. S. Burhop on "Science —For Peace or War?" Chair: Rev. Stanley Evans. 6d. Org. Hampstead Peace Council.

MISS Sybil Morrison will speak on "The Philosophy of Pacifism" at Caxton Hall, Room 15, Sept. 27 at 7.30 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE B.B.C. 11 public lectures, Tues., 6.30, beginning Oct. 2, at Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. Speakers include: Mabel Constanduros, Val Gielgud, Laurence Gilliam, John Green, Harman Grisewood, C. J. Pennethorne Hughes, Cecil McGivern, Herbert Murrill, Donald Waldman. Course ticket 10s. Details from Secretary (Wat. 6872).

CORRELATION of the Arts. Edgar Billingham. Oct. 12-14. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies (University Extension Courses). Several residential week-end courses have been arranged for the session 1951-52 to take place at Battle of Britain House, Northwood, Windermere House, Egvond, and Haslemere Educational Museum. The inclusive charge is approximately 21s. Subjects included are: The Audience and the Cinema; Aspects of British Foreign Policy in the Post-War World; Man's Place in the Universe (a series of five courses); The Geology of the Weald; Adult Education (a series of four courses). A complete list of all courses may be obtained from the Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University Extension Courses.—The following are some of the evening courses arranged for the session 1951-52, commencing in September: English Humour and Satire; Ornithology; Art of the Renaissance; Social Anthropology; The Music of Vaughan Williams; Horticultural Entomology; Chinese Culture and Civilisation; History from Original Sources. Many other University Extension Courses, some residential, will be held at Centres in London and the Home Counties. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Extra-Mural Department, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

MORLEY College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1. New session opens Sept. 24. Evening lectures and classes for men and women in Politics, Economics, Current Affairs, English Language & Literature, Philosophy & Psychology, Science, Music, Theatre School, Art, languages, Dancing & Fencing. Fees from 12s. 6d. a yr. Details Secretary (WAT. 6872).

GOLDSMITHS' College, New Cross, S.E.14 (TIDeway 2266). Evening classes begin September 24. 186 courses include Anthropology, Philosophy, Psychology, Oriental Civilisation, History, Geography, Education, Science, University Diploma courses (Social Studies, etc.), 38 language, 24 music. Telephone Conversation for Foreigners. Enrolment any evening (Saturdays excepted).

ARABIC Classes. Beginning on Monday, October 15, classes in Arabic will be held at the Bureau as follows:—Elementary: Mondays and Thursdays, 5.45-6.45 p.m.; Intermediate: Tuesdays and Fridays, 5.45-6.45 p.m. Further particulars and forms of enrolment may be had from Dr. Ateek, Egyptian Education Bureau, 4 Chesterfield Gardens, W.1. (telephone Grosvenor 8886.)

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Autumn term begins October 1. Classes for Beginners and Students of all grades. Individual tuition. All particulars from Secretary. Tel.: Holborn 2386.

PORTUGUESE Language Committee term begins October 5. Evening classes for students at all stages. Details: Secretary, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4440, 3805.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

A WEEK-END Training Course on Rudolf Steiner Education for teachers and others begins Fri., Sept. 28. For details & syllabus apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School (Hampstead), 104 Fitzjohn's Av., N.W.3.

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OXFORD. Wychlea Domestic Science House. One year after-school domestic science course for twelve resident students. Cultural opportunities. Apply: The Warden, 4 Bardwell Road.

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MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatic, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Particulars (HUN. 5992).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

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